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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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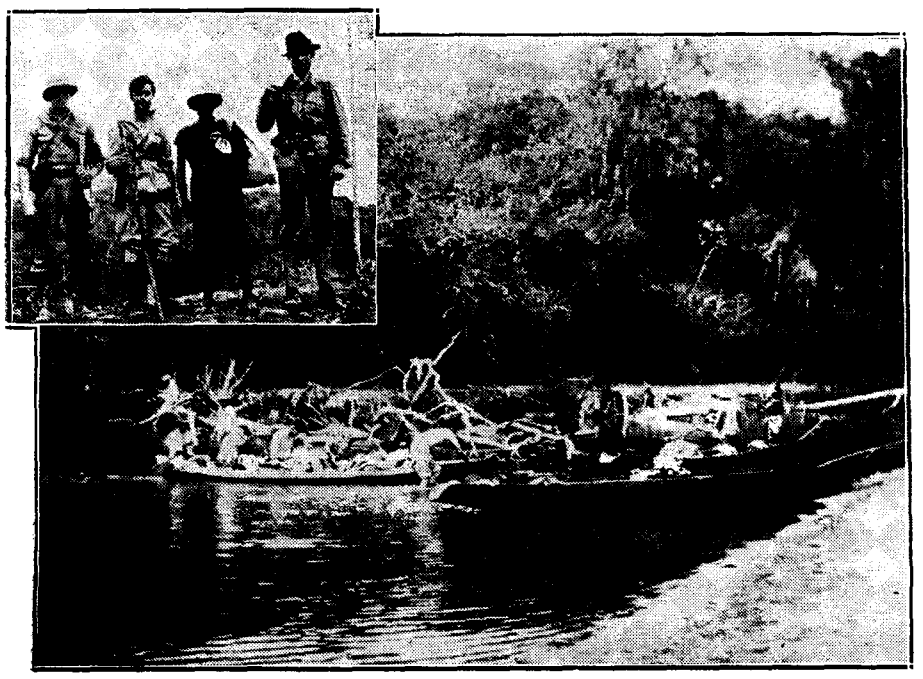

TWO PICTURES FROM "BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE"
The expedition on the Tapirapé River; inset, four of the explorers, the author second from left.

In the Wilderness of South America

***BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE.** By Peter Fleming. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by JULIAN DUGUID

WHEN it comes to recounting his adventures, the writer who goes exploring is in a far more ticklish position than the explorer who merely goes writing. If he be craftsman enough to select his incidents, the arm-chair geographer will grumble. On the other hand, if he omit nothing, he becomes quite easily unreadable. Pundit or public: which shall he offend? It is a hard choice.

Mr. Peter Fleming, the latest amateur explorer of Brazil, is more than a writer. He is an editor; and he has nearly succeeded in a compromise. His book is well-written and lively; supremely truthful. Yet the result is disappointing. His habit of laughing uproariously at every triviality has the effect of making the narrative seem one hundred pages too long. This is a pity; as is his repeated and priggish assertion that most travellers are less scrupulous than himself. In his anxiety to debunk exploration he has shot to the other extreme, denying himself even the simple emotions. After all, a novice who is honest with himself must surely feel some wonder and alarm when dropped for the first time in the Brazilian wilderness.

This weakness of Mr. Fleming for nervously insisting that none shall mistake him for a Western hero (what have the pulps to do with exploration anyway?) has spoilt an otherwise good book. Nevertheless he deserves our thanks. He is the first man to tabulate the known data and probable fate of that interesting legend, Colonel Fawcett. He has said straight out what I told him before he left for Brazil, that those who know believe it to be a million to one chance against Fawcett being alive. If he is not dead he has certainly lost all memory. Nevertheless, the fact that Mr. Fleming knew this before he started does not diminish the courage with which he faced the wilds. For, in spite of his refusal to appear anything but a week-ender, he was in some very tight places.

Will he forgive me for suggesting that

(*Continued on page* 394)

Sib to De Quincey

***JACK ROBINSON.** By George Beaton. New York: The Viking Press.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THIS is subtitled "A Picaresque Novel" and in its freshness and vigor it has much in common with the famous eighteenth century stories of vagabondage. But in its psychological comments, often of startling though rather intentional beauty, it is definitely of our own time. It is the story of a fifteen year old boy who runs away from home (in the West of England) intending to go to sea. He falls in with beggars, grifters, ponces (a ponce, apparently, is what is known hereabouts as a nance), drabs, and trulls of all sorts. He lives in a thieves' kitchen in Bristol and is trained in the arts of cadging and street patter. He rambles through the country with Kelly the vagabond theosophist—a "lay wanderer" Kelly calls himself; the antics of this cunning simpleton are among the best humors of the tale. "The New Jerusalem," a rural hospice kept for vagrants by an eccentric Colonel Harrison, is well worth a visit. "The New Jerusalem," says its notice-board, "contains beef, beer, tobacco, female society and everything necessary for a cheerful, happy existence." There is an enchanting love episode in a snowbound country cottage, and some excellent scenes of low life in

(*Continued on page* 393)

Tollhouse

By DAVID MCCORD

THIS is the way:
I know not where it goeth,
But that a man must pay
Whatso he oweth,
And this I say
As sure as the stream outfloweth
And the wind outbloweth.

For gold and silver gone
His tribute taketh
More than a body's brawn,
Than the blood maketh:
Yet he shall go on
Till the heart breaketh
Or life him forsaketh.

New Wars or Old?

BY LIDDELL HART

CONSIDERABLE attention has been attracted—by skilful publicity—to a book entitled "What Would Be the Character of a New War?"* It is a collection, arranged by the Inter-Parliamentary Union, of the views of eighteen writers. Quantity, however, is not a guarantee of quality. Nor does it tend to clarity.

There is much of value in the book, yet, if I may judge by my own impression, it will leave even the student of war with a sense of confusion. As for the general reader, I wonder whether he will derive more than a deepened conviction that the next war is going to be "a dreadful business."

Several of the more specialized essays which come later in the book array facts that will be of service to the private student and the public speaker. But of those which paint the broad canvas of war there is only one, that by General Fuller on "The Mechanization of Warfare," which seems to me adequate to its theme in presentation and scope. The others suffer from the technician's fault of missing the wood for the trees.

Yet it is these, rather than Fuller's brilliant and historically based forecast, which have a present-day significance. For they represent the type of mind that is likely to direct the strategy of another war, if it comes within the next decade.

Thus for General Réquin, an eminent French authority, the development of machine-power does not affect the need of man-power—"it is . . . useless to pretend that a future war can be conducted with reduced effectives." He recognizes both the difficulty of destroying the enemy's armed forces "by reason of their number," and the possibility of destroying the "principal elements of strength . . . such as his factories, his railway stations, his electric plants." Nevertheless General Réquin is persuaded that "the general military character of a future war would largely resemble that which the war of 1914-1918 assumed in its last phase."

It follows from this theory that more comprehensive efforts than ever are to be taken, and are being taken, to organize the nations for war—to prepare plans by which both people and industry can be mobilized for military service. Compared with these efforts, the sale of armament material by private firms is, at the worst, but an aggravation of an organic disease. This lies in the notion of the "Nation in Arms" which, developed so powerfully between 1870 and 1914, is today being pressed to a higher pitch—of absurdity.

This *reductio ad absurdum*, in which may lie the salvation of the peoples, is due more to the myopia of authority than to the ignorance of the lay public, which at least has a half glimpse of the truth. For the popular idea is that, if another war comes, it will be waged mainly in and by the air; that it will begin with the launching of vast aerial armadas against the enemy's cities.

The military idea is different. And as the military authorities control the instruments of war, it is their idea which matters, at any rate in the opening stages of another war. It will prevail in their own countries, even if it does not prevail over the enemy.

So far as one can gauge the thought of General Staffs of Europe they picture another war in terms of the last—as beginning more or less where the last left off, with the important difference that they have less of modern equipment. They are still in the grip of that theory of *mass*, a monstrous fallacy, which was the offspring of the French Revolution by Napoleon. It dominated military thought during the century between Waterloo and the World War, and was largely responsible for the strategic abortiveness of that war, with its ruinous effects.

In "The Ghost of Napoleon" I have recently traced the origin and distorted growth of this theory, which so strangely coincided with a period of intense mechanical and scientific progress. Now, from another angle, yet converging to the same conclusion, comes "Peace and War," by the famous historian, Guglielmo Ferrero. I have not read for years a book that has impressed me so much. He steers a middle course between "the philosophical lyricism of the nineteenth century" which "exalted war as a dazzling glorification of the divine," and the emotional objection to force which becomes a negation of government.

Ferrero points out that "between these two extremes lies a moderate doctrine which belongs to the eighteenth century. It is that there is no law and no judge between States; when two States assert competing rights and neither will give way, there is no other law and no other judge than arms." Again, realism must recognize the fact that there are other issues far beyond the present power of reason to settle, as when "a system incrusted with conventions stifles and fetters the new forces that might regenerate it."

The eighteenth century mind, essentially realistic, evolved a method of reconciling force with reason so far as possible—by limited warfare.

Its complicated and cunning rules, which it is so hard for us to understand

* ***WHAT WOULD BE THE CHARACTER OF A NEW WAR?** By Eighteen of the World's Greatest Experts. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.* 1933. $2.50. *Reviewed September 23, 1933.*

This Week

A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK
By SEAN O'FAOLAIN
Reviewed by Kimball Flaccus

AT 33
By EVA LE GALLIENNE
Reviewed by Margaret Breuning

MEN AGAINST THE SEA
By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL
Reviewed by Oliver La Farge

L'AFFAIRE JONES
By HILLEL BERNSTEIN
Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

PASSIONS SPIN THE PLOT
By VARDIS FISHER
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE MOTHER
By PEARL S. BUCK
Reviewed by Florence Ayscough

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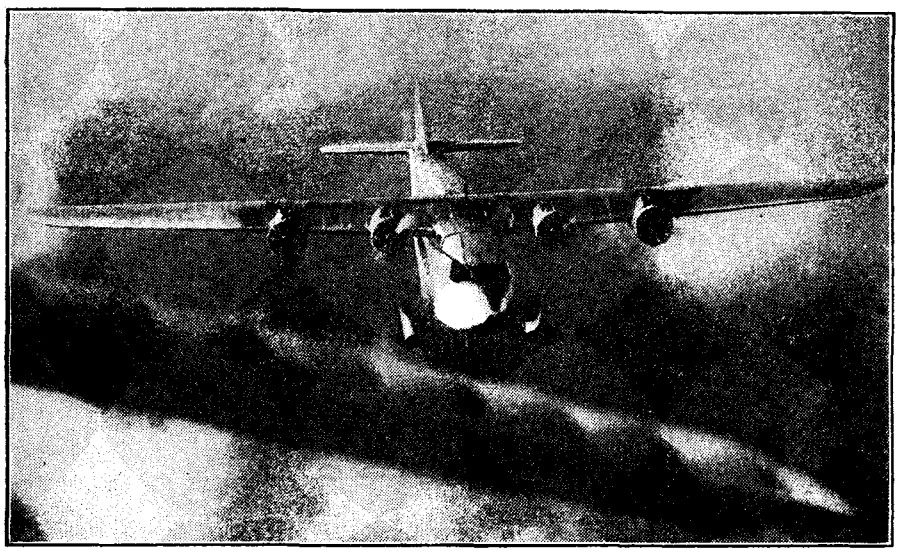


MILITARY AVIATION: A POST-WAR BRITISH PLANE

today, form one of those peaks of human evolution which man painfully attains from time to time . . . to slide back once more into imperfection. They are the elaborate corrective, discovered after three centuries of toil, to the great but dangerous invention of firearms.

"Marshal Saxe's warfare without battle is one of the noblest visions of the human mind."

By contrast, twentieth century "Europe is in a state of chaos, because she waged war regardless of these two categorical imperatives—proportion between aim and sacrifice, and a minimum of bloodshed and destruction." Ferrero's historical conclusions are reinforced by another able analysis, "Can We Limit War?" by Hoffman Nickerson. Its particular value is that it brings out, if perhaps a shade too prominently, the part played by so-called democracy in thwarting the rational limitation of war. It is refreshing to come upon such profound studies after the emotional or technical superficiality of most modern books devoted to the propagation of peace. Like Lord Raglan's anthropological "Science of Peace," and Edward Glover's psychological "War, Sadism, and Pacifism," [illegible]

scheme of research which might produce an interim report at the end of fifty years! Nickerson seems to pin his faith to a revival of spiritual unity such as existed, however imperfectly, under the medieval Papacy. If we survey the world as a whole, this seems as remote a hope as Glover's. Ferrero suggests a Four-Power agreement between England, Germany, France, and the United States, to act as guarantors of peace. There would seem quite as much chance, indeed more chance, of achieving the plan for which Lord Davies argued so well in "The Problem of the Twentieth Century"—that of the nations surrendering some measure of their sovereignty to an international tribunal armed with an international police force.

I find that thoughtful minds are moving, under pressure of gathering danger, more and more towards this plan as the means of preserving peace. But thought is such a light weight compared with instincts and "interests" that realism must admit the odds against the growth of such consent catching up with the growth of the war menace.

Yet, even if war comes soon, there may be more chance of civilization surviving the shock than either the scientific or the sentimental pacifist imagines. My reason for this opinion lies in the combination of a factor—the air power—which Nickerson rather underrates, with a factor—mass—that he, like Ferrero, justly points to as the source of past evil. The persistence of this dangerous factor may counterbalance the growth of the other—and become, ironically, a means of salvation, or at least give civilization a second chance. I will point out why.

Despite the hard lessons of 1914-1918 the theory of mass still holds sway over military minds. The bulk of the armed forces consists of infantry, and with astounding optimism these hordes of infantry are still being trained to advance against machines —and machine guns. Yet the fallacy of the theory of mass was exposed a generation ago by the mechanical progress which made one man sitting behind a machine gun the superior of a hundred, or even a thousand, who were advancing against him on foot with rifle and bayonet.

Machine guns of every kind have multiplied everywhere since the last war—increasing the already overwhelming advantage of the defensive on land. In contrast, artillery has decreased in proportion. That perhaps matters little, for at its utmost the gun was an inefficient and uneconomic machine-gun destroyer. More significant, although tanks have greatly improved in design, they are relatively few in comparison with the masses of infantry in all armies.

It is thus a safe calculation that the advance of such armies would be foredoomed to failure. They would reach stalemate even sooner than in 1914. When the advancing hosts made contact with each other they would be driven to entrench as the alternative to suicide, and would become embedded in the ground.

The possibility that gas may be used tends to strengthen rather than weaken this conclusion—unless we go contrary to the general verdict of chemists and assume the discovery of some essentially new form of gas that will penetrate present gas masks. Otherwise, the defender has the advantage over the attacker when gas is employed, because of the superior ease of protecting troops who are stationary.

This is particularly true of mustard gas, the least lethal yet most potent type yet used. It can be spread over large tracts of country to form an invisible and long-lasting barrier. To be secure against it an infantryman must wear not merely a gas mask, but a complete diver's suit, in which he could not move—unless in a mechanized vehicle. And one man who, passing through a contaminated area, gets a smear on his hands or clothing, may "infect" many others before he even knows that he is affected. Mustard gas has the physical and also the moral—the demoralizing—attributes of an epidemic disease.

Most significantly, it tends to strengthen the already strong defence rather than the attack. Because of its powers of delaying a hostile advance, it is not unlikely that each side would use it to cover one part of their front, with the idea of concentrating their forces for an offensive on the other part. And thus the farcical situation might be produced of both contributing to create a continuous barrier across which they could only sit and glare at each other. The sanction of mustard gas by the League of Nations might well prove a most effective way of disarming the existing armies of all nations!

But if these armies, even without mustard gas, are little danger to each other—in a realistic calculation—they may well be a danger to themselves. The larger they are, the easier they will be to paralyze by air attack on their assembly positions and routes, on their road and rail communications, on their supply and munition centres.

Thus it is doubtful whether the armies would ever come to the point of sighting each other; whether they would ever come within reach of the battlefield.

When we consider the intricate mobilization arrangements of a modern "horde army," with all its interlocking cogs, we should be able to realize the ease with which it can be thrown out of gear—before it has begun to move. Even if we allow for the customary misuse of any new weapon, and also make a heavy discount from the claims made for the accuracy of air bombing, it remains difficult to see how an army of one or two million men on foot could get under way and make a time-table advance like that of the Germans in 1914.

For the air forces will be ready to strike in the first hour of the war, while the armies require a week or two to mobilize and concentrate. The greater the tendency of the military authorities to confine the new air weapon to military uses, the more probable becomes the paralysis of the armies and the premature decease of the military plans. While, if a wider outlook prevails and the air attack is directed at "basic" targets—munition factories, power centres, ports, aerodromes—the power to make war may be crippled at its source.

We still talk of the last war as "the Great War." Our sons may refer to the next war as "the Great Chaos."

The larger the armies that are mobilized the more they will contribute to that chaos. The concentration of forces, according to accepted military principles, will precipitate a state of rapid congestion, hopeless to relieve. The overburdened arteries will give a multiplied effect to the enemy's air attacks in producing a paralytic stroke. And the effects may put an unbearable strain on the bonds of discipline. One can picture swarms of starving soldiery pouring over a countryside—their own countryside — which otherwise might have been able to live on its own local supplies until the flow of traffic was restored.

In such opening conditions of future warfare the only type of military force that might be able to operate at all would be small mechanized forces. Their most potent action will be to supplement their own air force in interrupting the enemy's "circulation." And they in turn may be supplemented by motor guerillas—hastily equipped from the "pool" of motor vehicles now available in every town and village. While local fuel supplies last, such motor guerillas may have ample scope for raids that will accelerate the general paralysis (of the insane).

The "rationalization" of industry, the increasing centralization of water, light, heat, and power supplies, all tend to make dislocation easier and paralysis more sure. Within a few days of the outbreak of war the warring nations may be in the grip of a general strike far more complete than the most belligerent trade unionists have ever conceived—a super-general strike of unintended production.

The effects may not be wholly ill. By paralyzing action they may give a chance for passions to cool, and for folly to be realized. If so, the restoration of peace might be purchased more cheaply by this swift internal breakdown than by the exhaustion of a four years' war of attrition like the last.

Naturally, the effects as between belligerents may vary. The nation with the largest air force has an evident advantage. Yet the value of mere quantity is as apt to be overestimated in the air as on land. Technical efficiency counts for more than numbers. Much, too, will depend on in-

Times Wide World

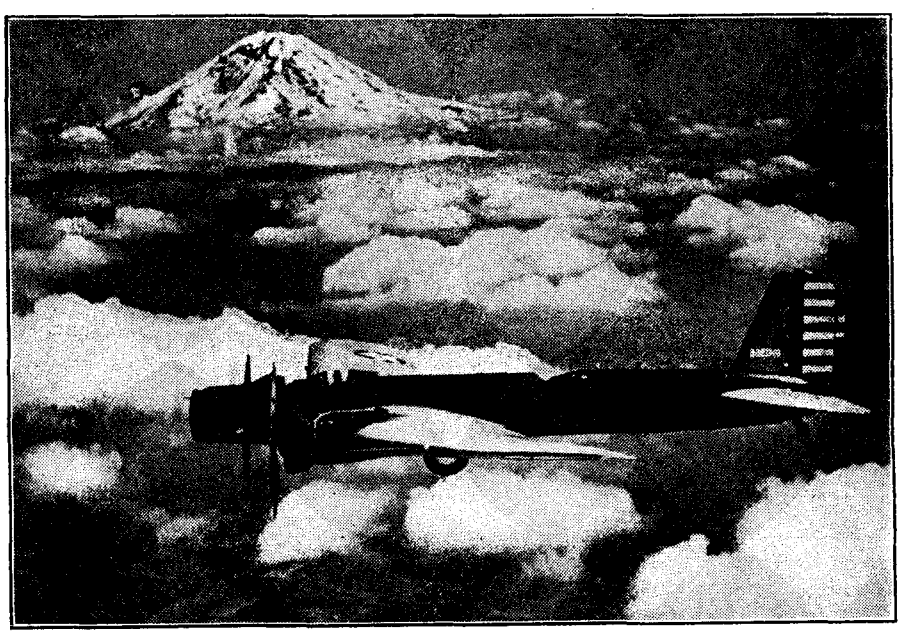
MILITARY AVIATION IN GERMANY

Goering dedicates a new Junkers plane, the Hindenburg

[illegible] armies, and, consequently, the biggest armament establishments. That fact makes them more susceptible to paralysis. In the air the offensive is as superior to the defensive as it is inferior on land. The weaker side has not only the motive but the opportunity of evading battle in the air, and striking direct at its ground targets. And the very weakness of one country in comparison with another may, if not too pronounced, retrieve the balance of strength—by reducing the target open to the enemy.

If I saw a nation deliberately cutting down its army—its infantry hordes—while developing its air force, I should become more concerned than today as to the possibilities of successful aggression. For in that case an aggressor might have a prospect of procuring his opponent's paralysis while preserving his own immunity.

Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the outstanding military critic and historian of England, is military correspondent of The Daily Telegraph *and military editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."*



MILITARY AVIATION IN THE UNITED STATES

A new bimotor bombing plane, near Mount Rainier

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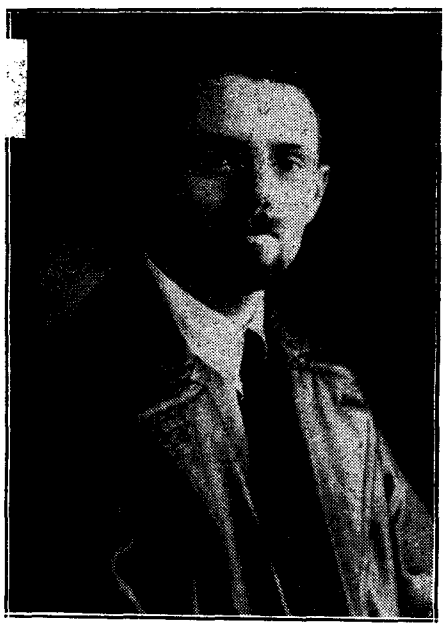
The Seeds of Revolution

A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK. By Sean O'Faolain. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by KIMBALL FLACCUS

WHEN insurection broke out in Dublin on the Monday following Easter 1916, there was more behind it than the English supposed. To be sure it was an insane gesture in the face of hopeless odds, and to be sure there were a few fanatic patriots fomenting this revolt who whipped their impromptu troops on to disaster. But little did the English realize to what an extent the Hidden Ireland, the Ireland of huts in the peat bogs and small, Gaelic-speaking communities of mountain or glen, was sympathetic to and supported this revolt, which, far from being the brutish gesture of an inferior nation to escape bondage, was the culmination of years of oppression, criminal misgovernment, and actual starvation. The Rising of 1916 paved the way for Home Rule, which may yet be altered to complete independence; how far-reaching the effects of that revolt are to be, we do not know, but it is possible to trace in the years before it the planting of the seeds of which it was the natural result.

Mr. O'Faolain has taken "a nest of simple folk" to be the subject of this fine, well-balanced novel; they are the Foxes and the O'Donnels, Protestant and Catholic respectively, two families which were united when Judith Foxe brought down the wrath of her father upon her head by marrying an O'Donnel of Ahill. Thenceforth Foxehall, the mouldering ancestral mansion, and the few acres of land surrounding it, never ceased to be a bone of contention, until its owner, Leo Foxe-



SEAN O'FAOLAIN
(*Pronounced Shawn O'Phelan*).

Donnel, tenth son of Judith, was many years later driven out of it by force of arms because he could not pay the mortgages. He and his faithful servant barricaded themselves in the house in an effort to resist the bailiffs:

> They prepared pots of boiling water, red-hot pokers to thrust at them if they came through the windows; and with his own hands . . . he carried huge paving-stones to the upper stories to fling at anyone who should dare to approach underneath. But two men could not hope to hold so large a house against twenty helmeted police with carbines and a battering-ram, grappling-hooks, and ladders.

Land, in the year 1854, when the book opens, was fought for tooth and nail. English or Anglo-Irish landlords had managed to gain control of most of the soil, fertile, arable, or barren, and had for many years extorted rents so exorbitant that their tenants were continually on the brink of starvation. The famine of 1846-49 had been the result of a failure of the potato crop, on which nearly all of the native population of Ireland depended, and the result of that famine was 729,000 dead.

Leo Foxe-Donnel as a young man went to visit his uncle in Limerick, where he heard the story of his great-uncle, who had been drowned in Fogues in 'forty-seven, swimming after a grain-boat, to ask the captain for meal for his children dying of the famine. Here in Limerick there was high, exciting talk, and black porter to drink, and whispers about the secret formation of a League for Land Tenants. It was this first taste of revolutionary talk that caused Leo Foxe-Donnel to form the opinions he did, opinions which fostered rash action. He was clapped into jail and sent to Portsmouth prison, in England, for having led an armed attack on the "peelers," the hated English constabulary.

Fifteen years was the duration of his prison term, and no sooner did he get out than he was imprisoned once more, and after that, again. His life was a long, exciting one, full of much suffering, but compensations in the way of reverence from the awed community in which Leo, now an old man who had been to jail for Ireland, lived his frugal, honorable days. Born in 1854, year of the founding of the Fenians by a small group of Irish revolutionaries in New York City, he died in 1916, year of the bloody Dublin Rising.

> Standing by the window, Denis looked into the strangely empty street. He saw the wide street of a city in flames. About it distant cannonading. Rifles cracked ceaselessly. In that wide street, long and noble, empty from end to end, glowing under the perpetual sunset of its own fire, men crowded behind the high, barricaded windows, and glinted down the hot rifle barrels that barked and plunged by their cheeks at every trigger-pull. And there among them was Leo Donnel . . . an old man, white-bearded, his pale cheeks and his white face lit by the city's doom.

Mr. O'Faolain published last year a collection of beautiful short stories entitled, "Midsummer Night Madness"; the scope and sustained power of his style, however, show to better advantage in this full-length novel about a generation of country folk who heard the echoes of brave deeds as from a great distance, and rallied out of their despondency at the battle-cry of freedom, and aided in the welding of nationhood.

First Act

AT 33. By Eva Le Gallienne. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARGARET BREUNING

THE biographer of the future, of whatever variety, will have an easier time than his predecessor. He will not have to wring reluctant consents from the owners of cherished letters or search the faded and illegible pages of old diaries to obtain access to important data in the lives of the subjects of his biographical opera. For, while letter writing is already a lost art, and diary keeping is at least problematical in contemporary life, there is an increasing tendency to biography, or autobiography, while the writers are in the thick of the events they record and are still able and apparently willing to set down their emotional reactions to them in a candid manner.

Eva Le Gallienne has just completed such a biography, which finished, as its title indicates, in her thirty-third year, covering a remarkable record of accomplishment, adventure, and unique experience. Yet there appears to be nothing of triumphal assertion or self-congratulation in this straightforward, personal record. It seems to one reader, at least, that Miss Le Gallienne has paused a moment after some crowded and strenuous years to review for her own illumination as much as for the satisfaction of the public the steps by which she has successively passed from one phase to another of her successful, if difficult, career.

Her early childhood in the home of her father, Richard Le Gallienne, with her adored sister and mother and devoted nurse, and her girlhood in Paris are described with simplicity and directness and are often charged with a tenderness that is never allowed to degenerate into sentimentality. Her first theatrical experience, while a tiny child, was seeing "Water Babies," which decided her immediately on a stage career, from which she was deterred by her mother's advice to learn to read and write before taking up the theatre.

Some years later, while living with her mother in Paris, absorbed in her studies, she saw the divine Sarah in "Le Prince Charmant," and all her devotion to the theatre returned in a more serious form, never to be again forgotten. The description of the impression made by Bernhardt

A CIVIC REPERTORY REHEARSAL

upon the sensitive, artistic young girl is a remarkable passage, as is that of the later experience of first seeing the Duse in America. The poignancy of each experience is vividly set before the reader as well as a striking analysis of the vastly disparate genius of each great actress.

Environment, social contacts, and indomitable perseverance brought Eva Le Gallienne early to the realization of her cherished dream, a theatrical career. Much of that career has been in America, so that she is a familiar and admired figure on our stage. But to forsake the glittering heights and material rewards of Broadway stardom for the dusty boards of the old Fourteenth Street Theatre, where she founded her Civic Repertory Company, required a vision and a courage that have placed her, young as she is, in a unique position in the American theatre. Her own account of this remarkable undertaking and the almost insuperable difficulties that attended it has a simplicity and unaffected seriousness of purpose that justify the many encomiums heaped upon her. Her desire to make good theatre available for the public who craved it, but could not afford Broadway prices, was the basis of the apparently quixotic scheme, but the consequent result of attracting larger and larger audiences from Broadway habitués to see the increasingly significant plays of the Repertory Theatre was, perhaps, an unforeseen vindication of the really basic wisdom of her generous plans.

The tragic fate of all patrons and patronesses fell upon those of the Civic Repertory Theatre during the depression, so that Miss Le Gallienne had to choose between taking one of her productions, "Alice in Wonderland," a decided hit, to Broadway or abandoning the whole project for lack of sustaining funds. She wisely chose to give the Broadway production, so that in time the old theatre in Fourteenth Street might again house her company and carry out her valiant project of giving to the people the art of the theatre, if not, like salvation, "without money and without price," at least at prices that are not prohibitive. It is on this gallant note of sustained courage and renewed hope that her book ends while the struggle is still on and the battle still waging. Yet no one who reads this chronicle of a short but active life doubts the outcome. Some day, Miss Le Gallienne will, we hope, write "At Sixty-Three" and tell us how her final triumph was accomplished.

"In the Blood"

BREDON & SONS. By Neil Bell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.50.

THIS is one of the long, deliberate canvases that have recently been coming back into vogue; it covers several generations and even more decades, and must be read with a view to slow issues rather than for speedy and superficial excitements. The first section, indeed, where the oldest Bredon is pictured, the forebear of those who people the rest of the book, yields a good measure of everything; it is the sharpest and saltiest of the whole, and its hard-bitten seacoast villagers will stand out in memory longer than all the more modern characters that follow them. Old George Bredon is one of these, fighting his stubborn fight to prevent the erection of a proposed breakwater against the stormy high tide which he is sure will not come to need it. He is mistaken; it comes before even the argument is ended, and he loses his life as a result.

Shipbuilders the Bredons were and must continue to be—it is "in the blood," and young James, only sixteen, feels the call of the family tradition and rises pluckily to the occasion to take charge of the now tide-wrecked shipbuilding shop and carry on its trade. He has to take charge also of his younger brother — weak-willed, vacillating, soon loose in all his ways—as old George Bredon had had to do for John, his brother. Here is the other motive that runs through the book—two brothers, one steady and responsible, one weak; it's always "in the blood."

The widening of the circles, as years go by and the related families increase in number and diversity, breaks up this pattern sufficiently to avoid monotony or too evident echo. The two themes reappear here and there, among changing scenes. The family lines cannot all be followed out, of course; the author handles this difficulty by a selective method which frankly—but with some inevitable loss of unity in the whole—allots long sections to some one character or family group, leaving others for a time in the background; and also by the not too stereotyped device of an occasional meeting of separated cousins or brothers who, in exchanging family news or information, give the reader a summary of the details which the author is thus brushing in on the outlying corners of his broad canvas. In the final long section, brought down to a modern setting from whose cynicism and smart talk the old stiff, strong, seacoast ancestor seems a far cry, the weak Bredon and the strong are in a way mingled in one, to his own destruction. David, poverty-stricken young writer, is no more afraid than is his young wife of facing out his fortunes in a bare shack by the sea, waiting for his luck to strike. Is it the old call of the sea that makes him satisfied, although it is his pen and not any yawl-building artisan's hand that is active? Or is it just modern youth that has courage for whatever it wants to dare? In any case, when undaunted perseverance has brought him through all this, and luck has indeed come and made him a popular author, a lack of faith and a weak obsession with jealousy turn him against the wife who had been his loyal partner in hardship and is still devoted to him and to their children, and he drives himself away from her and ruins their lives. Dying in his boots like old George, David will not recant, will not relinquish his opinion. He stands firm though mistaken. In this section, also, is a direct suggestion that the Bredons' story has its link with universal human experience: " 'But all these petty little prides in family or town or country are doomed. There's a reaching out everywhere for something bigger. Internationalism, perhaps. Not that I think it'll make any difference in the end. . . . I sometimes think there's a taint in humanity, like the Bredon taint I jollied them about. . . .' "

The book is possibly over-long for its material. But it has individuality in the inception of the theme and in its development. While perhaps not an outstanding work, it has broad lines and capable writing, and it sustains its interest surprisingly well in view of its diffuseness and its usually rather quiet contents.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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But What Is Liberalism?

Mr. Bernard Smith's essay in last week's *Review* entitled "The Liberals Grow Old" raises some very interesting questions. The liberals, he said, have ceased to lead, have grown, in fact, melancholy and distraught, or are resting upon their known consistencies, refusing to look ahead, refusing to mark out new paths, no longer trying to free the artist from his bondage to a bourgeois ruling class. They have instead given themselves over to bitterness or fury, to resignation, aloofness, or melancholy.

It is a sorry picture if the picture be a true one, the more so since Mr. Smith's list of names includes those among our critics and students of literature who have given the best part of their lives to an attempt to understand the complex development of American history. They should be leading now. But what does he mean by leadership? It is clearly not of politics, or industrial activity, or economics, that he is thinking. The men whom he names have chiefly been concerned with literature, and especially with that literature which is the articulate expression of the imagination of a race, which reflects the attempts of the American mind to know itself, which provides those eidolons, of which Whitman used to write, to serve as the images of what we think we are or hope to be.

But what is leadership in such an area of the activities of the human race? Mr. Smith, if one can read between as well as in his lines, is dissatisfied because the literary liberal has not formulated a social program as definite, as forward looking, as Marxism. He agrees with that multitude who just now believe that the eternal verities are identical with social planning, and that the poet, dramatist, novelist, who does not write of a new society is a mere nostalgic echo and by definition unworthy of enrolment among the captains of mankind who explore the trails to the future.

But what a curious interpretation of intellectual leadership, which would leave out of the reckoning a good half of the luminaries of the past. Are we then to be all Athenians, never content except in the pursuit of something new? Is there no leadership in interpretation and reminder, in the estimate of values and the assessing of the meaning for us of the present and the past?

Mr. Smith has discussed in the main critics and historians of the American scene. It was their job to place for us Whitman and Thoreau and Emerson, to explain the effect upon the American imagination and the American character of the great rush westward, of the era of unrestricted exploitation, of republican institutions under the control of economic forces, to study from every useful angle the environment of American literature. Incidentally it was their job, and they did it, to point out the bondage of the American artist to the ruling economic forces of the nation. But to suppose that this was all their task, and all their leadership, is to misunderstand the nature of criticism. If some of the liberals who took part in the battle are melancholy now, it is because in their view the war has become a riot in which objectives have been lost sight of. The young Marxist and the young socialist critics have completely forgotten that a man is more than a formula. Whitman for them is an exponent of democratic theory, Thoreau of individualism, Emerson of a particularly objectionable denial of the economic interpretation of history. The estimates, the histories, of these new men are always in terms of becoming. Does Poe fit into a program for a developing state? If not, throw him out. Is Miss Cather a factor in the coming of a classless society? If not, throw her out. Does Mr. Van Wyck Brooks concern himself with what is going to happen next in America? If not, cancel his leadership.

But what fallacies betray themselves here! A great literary artist is an item in his environment, and it was the failure to understand this, and his environment, which negated so much nineteenth century discussion of American literature. But he also remains a great literary artist, presenting problems of interpretation and appreciation to the critic which reach back into the past beyond his present, and involve an estimate of values of which his place in the social program is only an incident. Poe as a journalist, as a "depressed bourgeois," is a cog in the American machine, but as a poet he is a machine of which the cog is only a least part. The argument which leaves Emerson as a bourgeois made futile by an income and too much transcendentalism is unsatisfactory. For literature differs from potato growing in that its values must be assessed in terms of the whole needs of man.

It may be submitted therefore that the liberals of Mr. Smith's category, who for the moment are more interested in values than in programs, more concerned with truth than with prophecy, are perhaps leading as effectively as when their assault was upon conventions which had to be broken. They are skeptical, and have reason to be, of the attempt to identify literary leadership with a social program and to interpret our history in terms of what converts to this or that think is essential for the present. In relation to a leadership which makes a program for poetry they are conservative. In relation to a blissful ignorance of the tremendous impact of social forces upon literature they are radical. For effective leadership sometimes pulls from in front and sometimes from behind, as every military expert knows.

H. S. C.

H. W. Fowler

Dr. Johnson forever established the fact that personality could lend flavor and liveliness even to a dictionary. Certainly the late Henry W. Fowler, whose death the other day deprived British scholarship of one of its brightest ornaments, and his brother, who predeceased him by some years, were evidence to the humor and charm that can reside in lexicography. "He had a nimbler wit, a better sense of proportion, and a more open mind than his twelve-year-older partner," said H. W. Fowler of Francis. Yet "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," which in the writing at least was the work of the elder brother alone, had no less of sprightliness, of sly humor, and apt description than did "The Concise Oxford Dictionary" which was a collaboration of both men. "Entertaining" may seem a maladroit adjective to apply to such works, and yet few books of learning have more genuine entertainment lurking amid their facts than these volumes. To dip into them is to quaff not only knowledge but delight, and to feel the English language as a swift stream constantly swelling through fresh accessions of term and epithet.

"I'M NOT GOING TO SEE 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND.' I MAKE IT A PRACTICE NEVER TO SEE THE MOVIE OF A BOOK I'VE READ."

To the Editor: *Where Does the Middle West Begin?*

What Is Middlewestern?

Sir: What is the answer to Grant Wood's question, "What is Middlewestern?" What is the answer to the geographers' question, "Where is the Middle West?" As a human geographer, or more appropriately as a student of human geography, I have been interested in these two questions. I frankly admit that I do not know the answers, but for several years I have been trying to delineate the Middle West, not precisely but approximately.

Probably the southern boundary of the Middle West lies somewhere near where the pronunciation changes from "down" to "daown," or perhaps where the expression "damn Yankee" becomes "Damnyankee." The indefinite boundary between corn and cotton is a boundary which is no respecter of the political borders. While these three boundaries are not coincident we can be reasonably sure that a line representing the mean or average position is very close to the southern limit of the Middle West.

On the west the Middle West ends at the twenty-inch mean annual isohyet. Near here a railway company posted Indians at the stations so the tourists might observe where the West begins. Where the tall grass of the prairie is replaced by the bunch grass of the plains is an indefinite line which separates the cornhusker from the cowpuncher. This boundary lies near the center of the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas at the hundredth meridian, which is labeled by such a convenient whole number.

The northern boundary of the Middle West may be the Canadian border, but I believe it lies farther south near the center of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Here is the southern limit of the Laurentian Upland underlain by the crystalline rocks of pre-Cambrian age, and near here the northern forest of pine and spruce made contact with the hardwoods which made Grand Rapids and South Bend so famous for furniture and wagons.

The eastern boundary is uncertain, though I believe that at or near Columbus, Ohio, the Middle West begins. Near here corn begins to occupy more land than any other crop. Also the land is spread out in a terrain of low relief, as though there were not enough surface to permit the making of a rugged topography so characteristic of the Appalachian plateau.

The boundaries given above circumscribe my Middle West, and I call it the Middle West. In the *Chicago Tribune* for April 14, 1929, was published an editorial under the title "The Central States." The editor stated that thereafter the *Tribune* would substitute "Central States" for "Middle West." But the powerful *Chicago Tribune* cannot change a national habit of speech and a manner of thinking.

GUY-HAROLD SMITH.
Ohio State University,
Columbus, Ohio.

Another Opinion

Sir: Your note about the Cedar Rapids Community Players and the question of the true boundaries of the Middlewest have stirred me strangely. I still remember my thrill at the first sight of Ohio's broad, flat fields, the huge campus of O. S. U., its hordes of eager students. It was in and around Columbus on many trips with kindly native friends that the hitherto despised American history and geography became engrossing interests as they never had in the old East. I was charmed by the buoyant, youthful spirit and easy cordiality of the people, traits derived from a happy blend of Northern and Southern pioneers. I also learned that a lingering agricultural atmosphere, provincialism in the good sense of the word, can have a very attractive flavor. I write this in spite of Cleveland and the industrialized sections of the Buckeye State, for to me the center is the heart of the commonwealth. In my humble opinion Ohio is no more a border state than is Virginia.

LAMBERT A. SHEARS.
Duke University,
Durham, N. C.

The Hudson Valley

Sir: In a recent issue of the *Review* you gave a clean bill of health to Mr. Wilstach's "Hudson River Landings."

While the style of the book is good, there are many instances where the author has taken liberties with history. This in spite of the fact that with a little research many of the errors might have been avoided.

Two of the more glaring misstatements applicable to the region about Westchester County are those relative to the André-Arnold episode and the genealogy of the Philips family.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Wilstach in a later edition will revise his historical data and include a bibliography.

ERNEST H. GRIFFIN.
Westchester County Historical Society,
White Plains, N. Y.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

JACK ROBINSON. By GEORGE BEATON. *Viking.* A picaresque tale recounting the adventures of a young English boy who leads the life of a tramp for a time.

BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE. By PETER FLEMING. *Scribners.* Adventures in the wilderness of Matto Grosso.

AT 33. By EVA LE GALLIENNE. *Longmans, Green.* The autobiography of a successful actress.

This Less Recent Book:

LADY INTO FOX. By DAVID GARNETT. *Knopf.* A charming fantasy.

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Mexico in Evolution

PEACE BY REVOLUTION. By Frank Tannenbaum. Drawings by Miguel Covarrubias. New York: Columbia University Press. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by J. FRED RIPPY

THE subtitle of this volume informs the reader that it is "an interpretation of Mexico." Although its emphasis is on the epoch since 1910, a third of the volume deals with the four centuries that preceded. It is in some respects similar to the works of Carleton Beals, Stuart Chase, and Ernest Gruening, but one feels that Tannenbaum has a better grasp of the facts of the recent period than has Beals or Chase, perhaps even better than Gruening, who was quite industrious in the collection of his data.

The work includes a historical discussion of race, religion, and politics, as well as of the land, labor, and educational policies of the period since 1910, which is known in Mexico as "The Revolution." The church problem and the educational program of the Revolution are discussed without prejudice, especially the former. The whole book is written with deep sympathy for the Mexican masses and in beautiful style. It is a brilliant attempt at synthesis. Details are subordinated to the main theme and an effort is made to discover the meaning of Mexican history. Perhaps the story is too simple, but the author would probably be the first to admit this. He appears to have a full realization of the complexity of the subject.

Tannenbaum's viewpoint is probably correct, if not accepted too literally, for

Drawing by Covarrubias for "Peace by Revolution."

Mexican national history does display a general trend, and this general trend has been in the direction of "undoing" the Spanish Conquest, of ejecting the elements of Spanish culture imposed by the Conquest and three centuries of colonial subjection. It is unlikely, however, that every element of Spanish culture will be uprooted, or even that the most radical of Mexican reformers will desire to eradicate everything Hispanic. The Spanish language and Spanish place names will remain. Spanish churches and public buildings and patios will be retained. Spanish saints—endowed with some of the attributes of the native gods—will not be cast out of the temples. The Catholic religion—nationalized and somewhat mixed with the native cults—will probably endure and an effort will be made to restore the administrative unity of the Spanish period. The renunciation will therefore be eclectic. Only the ancient aristocracy and the ancient exploiters will be rejected, along with all of the former tendencies to repress the Indians and the mixed breeds.

A complete return to the pre-Conquest mode of living would mean a return to oppression, internecine war, and chaos. It would mean even more: it would signify the resumption of bloody human sacrifices and degrading superstitions and the total rejection of modern science and technology. *Indianismo* is the slogan, but its content is not full. It means only that the Indian will be respected, given an opportunity to develop his talents, and participate in the government. He will surely be indoctrinated with nationalism and taught some of the ways of a more complex civilization. Some of his burdens will be lifted by machinery, and his diseases will be

From "Peace by Revolution."

cured by modern medicine. But there will be a disposition not to impose foreign culture traits too rapidly and ruthlessly, to grant him the privilege of rejection and adaptation, to treat him as a human being with a mind and a spirit of his own.

The Indian will be dealt with patiently, gently, and respectfully, if the pressure of the external world does not prove too great and if the leaders of the Revolution do not abandon their ideals or lose their enthusiasm. Reformers, however, may change their attitude. Emotions and ideals are unstable. The future of Mexico will probably depend more on the Mexican leaders and the disposition of the United States and the strong nations of Europe than upon the Indians themselves. The world is still dominated by the capitalistic and industrial nations which have appropriated the discoveries of the scientists and the inventions of the technologists. Mexico will be subjected to the tremendous pressure of the bankers, the captains of industry, and the aggressive sales forces of both. The tendency will be to thrust machines upon machineless men, to substitute the commodities of the factory for the handicraft products of the Indian.

Tannenbaum writes with the idealism and the spirit of a French philosopher of the eighteenth century. The universal respect for personality which he envisions may require the overthrow of the capitalistic system, and it might not prevail even in a socialistic or communistic régime. Strong men tend ever to impose their purposes and ideals upon the weak. If deprived of the profit motive and the economic mechanism of the capitalistic age, they may be actuated by other ambitions and employ other instruments. Intolerance and the will to power are not easily eradicated.

James Fred Rippy, professor of history at Duke University, is the author, among a number of other books on Latin America, of "The United States and Mexico."

Sib to De Quincey

(*Continued from first page*)

London purlieus. All these adventures, and their philosophical overtones, are supposed to be seen through the unspoiled eyes of youth—but narrated in memory twenty-five years after. This has to account for the odd pantheist charm which will puzzle some readers, delight others.

For my own part, I surrender to this book without reserve. Some will find it artificed, consciously odd; but to me it effused an aura of extraordinary truth and value. Passages of rich vulgarity modulate into writing of superb liquid color and suggestion. There is no space here for quotation, but I commend you for instance to the description of the theft of the sovereign in Part I; the deathbed of Lily in Part III. At such moments Mr. Beaton is sib to De Quincey. The glamor and oddity of this strange book are such that every reader will hurry to pass it on to some trusted friend for corroborative opinion. It is a dream and a nightmare, and has the inward testimony of both. It has some of the secrets of what Mr. Beaton calls "that pure and unintermittent delight which was our original inheritance."

Bligh of the *Bounty* Becomes a Hero

MEN AGAINST THE SEA. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Company (Atlantic Monthly Press). 1934. $2.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

SOME men reach their full stature only in times of crisis and disaster; when things go normally, they may abuse power if they have it, be overbearing, exercise an excessive force and even cruelty, or, if they be of another type or in different circumstances, show themselves careless, incompetent, thoughtless until a situation arises which really calls upon them to show their mettle. Captain Bligh of H. M. Armed Transport *Bounty* was a man of the former class. Cold history, and the splendid reinterpretation of it by these same authors in "Mutiny on the *Bounty*," have amply set forth the man's violence and heartlessness when none but the relatively routine difficulties of his task confronted him. What happened to his character when his violent nature was counterbalanced by conditions of continuous and imminent, deadly danger, when daily and hourly his own life and those of eighteen men depended upon his firmness and self-control, forms the fascinating major theme of this sequel.

The story of the *Bounty* is well known. The strange phenomenon of Pitcairn Island, continuing to this day, has intrigued many writers, though perhaps none so felicitous as Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall. Much less attention has been given to the story of the loyal group which followed Captain Bligh overside into the *Bounty's* launch to sail more than three thousand miles in an open boat too small for the load, on starvation rations, in every kind of weather.

The sheer feat of seamanship and the plain endurance recorded are amazing; perhaps without parallel in the annals of the sea. To lovers of salt water, a mere log of the cruise would perhaps be sufficiently interesting reading, but this book offers more varied fare. True, one sails the whole distance as one reads; there is no sparing of storm, starvation, sickness, and narrowly averted disaster. But neither is this a "sea story" in the sense that the reader must know about, and care for, nautical matters to find interest in it. Without skimping or omitting, the writers have succeeded in giving full value to the performance of the launch and the men who sailed her, and yet there is scarcely a phrase in the whole book not comprehensible to any landsman. And better still, all of this serves as the means through which the characters of Captain Bligh and his eighteen men are revealed—the craven Lamb; Nelson, the sensitive, gallant scientist; the surgeon, Ledward, through whom the tale is told; men of all ranks and ratings, the character of each developing under successive trials, and over all the dominant figure of Bligh.

The story is the captain's. Nothing could cancel his behavior on the *Bounty*. His actions, let us say, had been inexcusable, but in his handling of the launch and her crew his existence is justified. In the face of death he acquired superb self-control; calm and perfectly in hand even at the threat of further mutiny, just, unflinching, thoughtful, considerate, wise — and yet to a remarkable way still himself. The portrayal of his character, its complexities and its consistency despite apparent inconsistencies is in itself enough to make the book worthwhile.

There must have been many temptations for the authors to overwrite their story. The dramatic dangers, the pathetic revelations of human nature, and such situations as the starving crew, weak and sick from lack of food, water, and rest, coasting along fertile, lovely islands on which they dared not land for fear of the savage inhabitants, would have lured many writers into purple passages. But the whole book is written with a steady, quiet factualness which does not grow stale, and which in the end creates cumulatively more dramatic effect than any amount of fervid writing could have done. Of course, it also serves excellently the purpose of the authors, which is to give the impression, not of a partly fictitious reconstruction, but of a true first-hand account.

A few of the characters, particularly the midshipmen, go unrealized. One is tempted, too, to think of Lamb as a lay figure. His greatest offense must have been invented by the authors, perhaps on some evidence, but no more, since the act was unknown to Captain Bligh, and it is from his log that they drew their story. Perhaps they felt the need of some wretched foil to their heroes; perhaps Lamb really was like that, it is quite possible. Lots of us who read the tale in comfort would probably have been the same.

Whatever the unevennesses may be, this is a story of a great feat upon salt water, told with unflagging interest; it is also a fine delineation of character, a thorough study of men under stress. That would seem to be a sufficiency of perfections in one book.

Oliver La Farge, archæologist and novelist, whose "Laughing Boy" won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1929, *has recently published an excellent tale of American shipping in colonial days entitled, "The Long Pennant."*

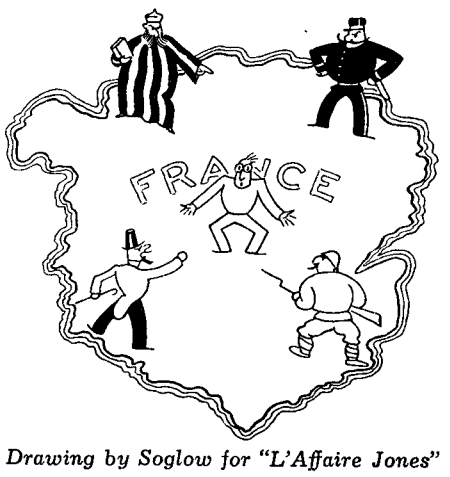
An Innocent Abroad

L'AFFAIRE JONES. By Hillel Bernstein. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

ONE of the immemorial and most successful forms of humor is the result of bringing opposites into direct contact. The great versus the small, the pompous versus the irreverent, the dowager versus the street urchin have inspired laughter from the era of Aristophanes to that of the *New Yorker*. Mr. Hillel Bernstein is thus following classic models in confronting the might and majesty of the French republic with the somewhat bewildered person of Henry Jones, cornpone-and-potlikker expert of Windfall, Georgia. "Les extrêmes se touchent," as the inhabitants of Mr. Bernstein's "purely imaginary" country put it. Sociological criticism of considerable subtlety is the better part of his book, achieved by simply putting American customs and Gallic ones side by side, while a tortuous plot, made up of scrambled happenings in the Dreyfus, Caillaux, and Léon Daudet cases, is less entertaining. Such humor is not necessarily malicious, and while there are few French institutions at which "L'Affaire Jones" does not aim a shaft, the list including everything from patriotism to the *crime passionel*, there is a distinct note of admiration sounded at the end.

Perhaps the principal reason why Mr. Bernstein's book is not as a whole very funny, in spite of being original in conception and often well arranged in detail, lies in his inability to make up his mind as to what kind of a book it is to be. It is not pure satire and it is not sheer nonsense, and also it is unfortunately not entirely free from stretches of dulness in which it becomes merely another novel about an American in France. In days when humor, particularly between the nations, is not exactly flourishing, one may at least be thankful for a book in which something of the French character (also "purely imaginary," of course) not found in the guide books emerges, free from ridicule or conventional platitudes. Soglow has done some illustrations which suggest that he has been doing a lot of work lately.



Drawing by Soglow for "L'Affaire Jones"

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A Realistic Novel of Adolescent Struggles

PASSIONS SPIN THE PLOT. By Vardis Fisher. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. FISHER is the young man who conceived the idea of taking the titles for a tetralogy of novels all from the sestet of one of George Meredith's best-known sonnets in "Modern Love." This goes Miss Rosamond Lehmann three better, who took only "Dusty Answer" from another Meredith sonnet.

In tragic life, Got wot
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within.

"In Tragic Life," Mr. Fisher has already used, and I hope he gets round to "God wot." God wot, I got thoroughly sick of Vridar, his hero, by the time I was through with Vridar's inhibitions and cowardly bullying and loutishness and pale-wormness. In the other novel we had a youngster reasonably—well, at least recognizably—plagued by sex, scared by it, almost ruined by his adolescent struggle with and against its power. The book had its impressiveness. The present book is not without its impressive moments. Mr. Fisher is an honest writer. "McClintock would take a virgin to church on Sunday and seduce her on Sunday eve." That gives a fillip. But I knew a man like that at college once. He was not a particular friend of mine. I have always detested the type. Therefore I don't like to read about them.

There is too much McClintock in this book. He is there for Vridar's sake, because "the way to perfection is through a series of disgusts." So he is as repellent as something called a man could well be. And, really, Vridar's chastity is just as disgusting. Well, there the book stands. You can take it or leave it. It is an honest book, written with an honest motive. And yet I should prefer to leave it. Now that I have read it, parts of it will probably linger with me for some time, particularly the narrow-minded viciousness with which Vridar attacks the girl his puppy-love had worshiped, after he finds out she has been promiscuous. It is hard to think back to one's youth and imagine how one would have felt had the same thing happened to oneself. Perhaps a certain kind of boy would have been as cruel to the girl, as stuffed with egomania. But Vridar is throughout the book such an intensely boring kind of egotist, such a "dumb bunny" to the limit, that one wonders just how any girl could ever have found him attractive in the first place.

I have always had a particular sympathy for "sensitive souls," as they are mockingly called. A sensitiveness does exist in certain spirits that is far superior to most of the evidences of life around them. But Vridar's agonies I found only occasionally heartrending. He more frequently irritated me profoundly. One wanted to exclaim, "Oh, so what? Get it over with; what are you trying to prove?" For if Mr. Fisher is trying to prove that "life is like that," it isn't. It is so only in unusual instances, which make the best copy.

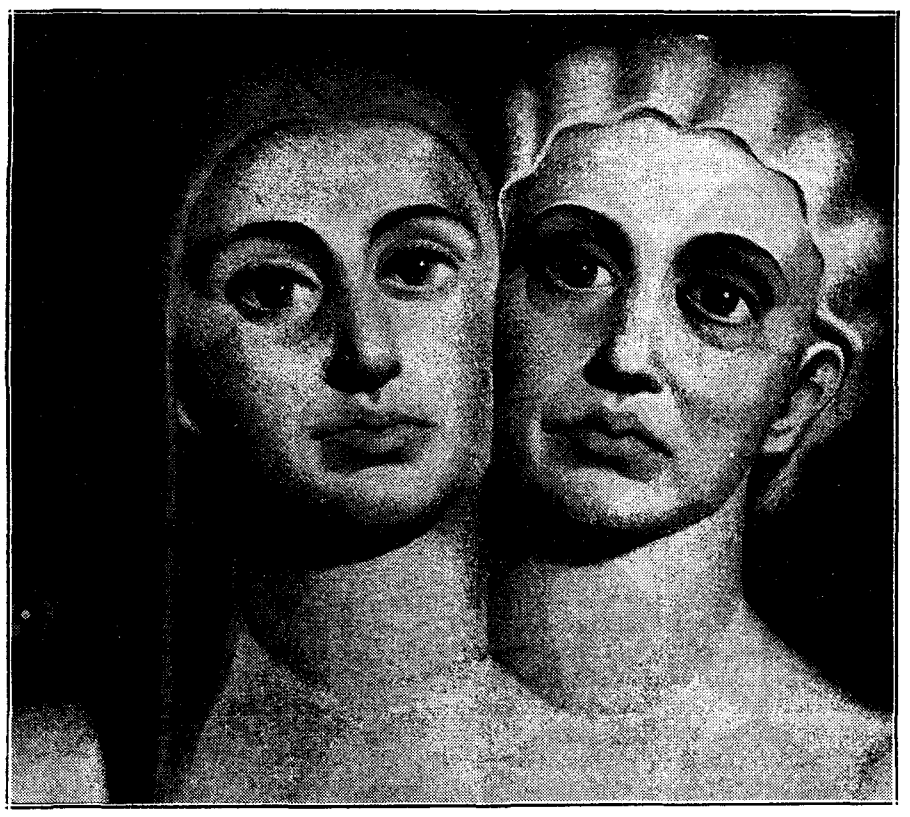
What I really miss in Vardis Fisher's work is any sign of subtlety. He is a realist who sets himself no very difficult tasks. And now in two books he has harped upon the same theme. He is what is known as a "strong" writer. As such he has much ability. I am not ready to hail him as the modern Zola, but I like his intellectual honesty. Only, as we grow more mature, we demand more subtle psychological detail. Adolescence is frequently a period of great torture, and worthy of a novel—but not, perhaps, of a tetralogy, if that is to be. I should say that Mr. Fisher is a young realist who will certainly bear watching—and that I think his particular method is rather main-travelled and outworn. Were I twenty-two I might think it immensely powerful.

The 137th Foot

GENTLEMEN—THE REGIMENT. By Hugh Talbot. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $2.50.

THIS voluminous first novel happens to arrive at a moment singularly favorable to any "romance in costume" of its type. In addition, Mr. Talbot has found an element of some novelty to exploit in his book,—the traditions and customs of British regimental life. While the rest of his material is fairly conventional, it is so closely interwoven with the story of the 137th Foot that it takes on a new and pleasant significance. There is plenty of accurate and often amusing detail in regard to Victorian manners and methods in love, accompanying the lengthy descriptions of the Chappell and St. Quentin families, whose rivalry provides ample plot whenever the romance which finally unites them takes time to pause for breath.

Too many incidents and too much detail are perhaps involved to allow any very clear picture of the period to emerge. The faults are due more to a lack of pruning than to inexperience of writing, and if Mr. Talbot never succeeds in making his central personage, Alistair Chappell, come completely alive as a vivid and picturesque figure, he is at least a brilliant outline. His book is an admirable first novel within the confines of the romantic convention, and is in the main well executed. It should be read with avidity by the large and evidently thirsty public which has seized on all similarly large frescoes of late, particularly as it is very British, and hence thoroughly to the present American taste.



JACKET DESIGN BY GRANT WOOD FOR "PASSIONS SPIN THE PLOT."

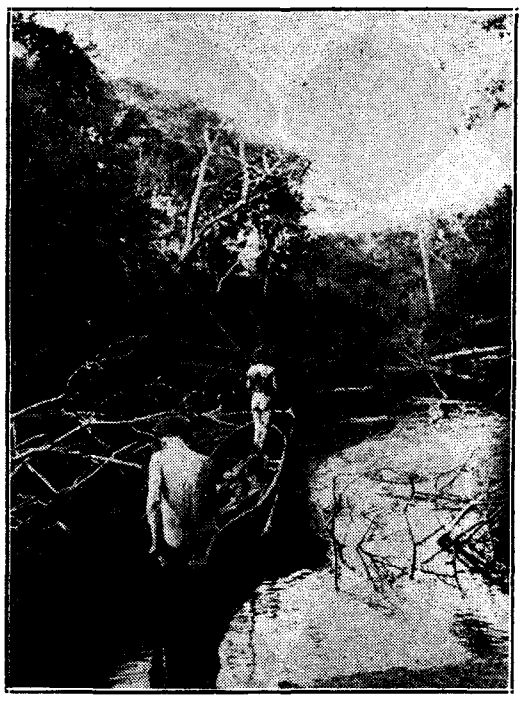
Star for a Night

ALBERT GOES THROUGH. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $1.50.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

HERE is a bit of light reading which has at the same time—being in a gently satirical vein—plenty of meat in it and one quite unique achievement on Mr. Priestley's part. English authors are notable for their inability to absorb and reproduce American dialects and colloquialisms. Here the amused reader finds not merely one form of these but three, in the different brief sections of the book, with—to top off—a beginning and an end in English idiom of both high and low variety. This is a linguistic feat, exercised as it is in some ninety pages.

Movie-struck, callow young Albert goes for the evening to his favorite screen palace, in spite of a sick spell and a violent dose of patent medicine administered by his zealous landlady. He passes out,—not through the looking-glass but through the silver screen, and adventures literally delirious occupy his evening, and eventually cure him of a passion for his deceptive actress-idol and simultaneously of his indifference to the highly eligible flesh-and-blood young lady who shares his daily office job and is only too eager to share much more. His sick imaginings carry him, protesting, through first a sugared Balkan romance in the American style, second a cowboy rough-and-ready "Western," third the ominous wiles of city gangsters, and finally into an English society scene with comic opera trappings,—the various characters, with a sly wink on the author's part at the repetitiousness of movies, reappearing each time in different and yet quite similar guises.



STARTING HOME
From "Brazilian Adventure."

> I was the hero all right [says the unfortunate Albert]. I could tell that, and so I wouldn't get killed in the end, but it looked as if I'd have to do an awful lot of galloping and jumping and shooting first. It was all right for Felicity Storm and I was still gone on her and all that, but I wished I could meet her in a quiet sort of picture where we'd have just a bit of a misunderstanding and then make it up and kiss and be happy ever after. And it was so awkward getting into the middle of the film like this. Why couldn't I get in just at the end?

We are glad he couldn't; we'd have missed much of the fun if he had. "Of course," he concludes complacently, "I've seen a lot of these films; that's why I know what to say." We agree delightedly that he certainly does.

Wilderness of South America

(*Continued from first page*)

it was lack of firmness with people rather than inexperience of Brazil that let him down? Especially in the case of that extraordinary man whom he called Major Pingle.

Major Pingle was unknown to the party before they arrived in Sao Paulo.

> You must [says Mr. Fleming] visualize him for yourselves. I shall only give you the minimum of help. He is a tall, thin man of about forty, with a ragged moustache and phenomenally small ears. There is something of the camel in his gait, and he has that short, mouse-colored hair which looks as if it never grows. His appearance is in no sense attractive. But you would, I think, have been intrigued rather than repelled by that scarecrow figure: a Rough Diamond, you would have said, a Character.

This Character, this Diamond, proved very rough indeed. Hired on the strict understanding that the expedition was to look for traces of Fawcett, he was entrusted with all the funds and told to go ahead. And he went ahead. He took the party to the junction of the Araguaya River and then said blandly that Fawcett-hunting was a silly game. He, personally, was going straight down to the coast. Anyone who struck up the tributary in the direction of where Fawcett was last seen did so at his own risk.

Now Major Pingle's attitude was untenable, and everybody knew it. If Mr. Fleming and his friends had been a little more resolute there would have been no trouble. I have known my share of explorers, amateur and professional, but I can imagine none of them doing what Fleming did. He sat down and wrote a letter absolving Pingle from all responsibility provided he would wait at the junction for three weeks. Then, with two friends, he set off across country. Pingle, of course, kept the money.

The three friends had a horrible time of it. Almost, I was going to say, they deserved it. For they went out into the blue with nothing more deadly than an emotional .22 rifle. They lost themselves and starved and went without water. They came within easy distance of being eaten by natives. They pushed canoes for days up fetid, choked-up rivers. They were devoured by insects. And what did they get from it? Nothing of value, except the memory of a very daring, very courageous, very foolish raid into unsuitable territory. Those three weeks will probably remain their most precious remembrance until they die.

It was when they returned to Pingle that the really incredible occurred. The Major had been thinking matters over. Old soldier that he was, he tried a bluff which worked. He remarked in a perfectly dignified way that, as they had disobeyed his orders and cut themselves out of the expedition, they should find their own way home. "Home" was Para, two thousand miles downstream! With huge generosity he offered to give them sixty of the thousand dollars of their own money.

Now, surely, was the time when they might have dispensed with gloves. A fist in Major Pingle's face or a revolver in Major Pingle's stomach, followed by a curt request for cash, would have seemed the obvious course. But Mr. Fleming always did dislike the obvious, even when it was vital. He and his friends just sat on the bank and watched Major Pingle disappear.

There followed a race which is the most exciting part of the book. Two thousand miles of desperate hurry. For, not only did they wish to beat Pingle to the Consulate, but the last boat sailed for England on October 4. After an enthralling battle, in which both sides took the lead, they arrived six hours ahead.

This is a gallant, childish, irritating book, which has the merit of being absolutely truthful. Also, I hope, it will stem the tide of those who try to attract glamour to themselves by going to look for Fawcett. Whatever his shortcomings, Mr. Fleming never did that. From the beginning he was convinced that his trip would bear no fruit. And said so.

* *

Julian Duguid's own South American adventures are recorded in his book, "Green Hell"; the Tiger Man, who figures in that book, has just landed in the United States.

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The BOWLING GREEN

HUNTER'S MOON

THE restless, horned moon is high
Above the woods and snowy plain;
No one awake but only I;
And quiet, such as this, is pain.

Last night, the stealthy bears were out
Ringing the green bark of the cherry;
And reckless deer were holding rout
On scarlet ash and elder-berry.

Beside the house, the lilac wears
Her heavy, heart-shaped leaves of white;
No sign of hibernating bears;
No thirsty deer will run tonight.

On lovely things, on lonely men,
The magic charms of winter creep;
And bears are sleeping in their den;
And I must close my door and sleep.

MARY BYERS SMITH.

PHONETICS IN THE MIRROR

Somewhy I have confidence in any book about language written by a studious alien. Birthright usage of any tongue probably sets the user in habits of hearing and feeling which are congenitally limited. The most pleasing work on English which I have examined is Dr. Otto Jespersen's *Essentials of English Grammar* (Henry Holt, $2), and Dr. Jespersen writes from Copenhagen. I wish he would tell us how he learned so much about our puzzling and faulty lingo; how did he first use it, under what instruction, and what were his impressions? Even his comments on American usages are far more accurate than those of most British ·ologists. Has he been in this country? ways get an enormous pleasure in con-ering the bewildering differences of glish and American speech. On Christmas Day, when representatives of various nations told us hullo by radio, an English child piped up "Merry Christmas to American boys and girls" and the enormous oddity, in my ear, of just that way of saying "boys and girls"—irreproducible in print—was enough to keep me grinning for the rest of the afternoon. And then, by chance, we went to an Edgar Wallace picture that same evening—something so terrible that it was enchanting—and heard more of that phonetic queerness. In a function so intimate as speech, variations are a chief source of human delight. In a bookshop on 47th Street there's a bookseller from North Carolina. . . .

But what I had in mind was, the publisher of Dr. Jespersen's book really ought to give away a small mirror with each copy. I had to take it home from the office, for I couldn't keep going out to the washroom to verify the phonetic passages. "In our rapid survey of the organs of speech," says Dr. Jespersen, "we begin with the lips, because they are most easily accessible to immediate inspection, and then move gradually inwards." Thus it is that the washroom mirror becomes necessary:—

> By means of the tip of the tongue are formed first the three stops [t, d, n], then three fricatives as in *thin, then,* against the front teeth, and [r] against the gums, often with a distinctly "flapping" movement. . . . With the blade of the tongue (immediately behind the tip) are formed the two hissing fricatives [s, z] as in *seal, zeal,* characterized by a chink in the tongue through which a very thin stream of air passes. If the air-channel is made a trifle broader, and the tip of the tongue is turned a little farther back, we get the sounds as in *she, mission, vision.*
>
> The *soft palate* is movable, and is either raised so as to shut off the mouth from the cavity of the nose—then we have purely *oral* sounds—or else it may be lowered, in that case we have *nasal* sounds. . . . If the vocal chords (in the larynx, popularly called "Adam's apple") are brought together and made to vibrate, the result is a *voiced* sound. . . .
>
> Originally *r* was a full point-trill everywhere. In order to pronounce this trill the tip of the tongue is made thin and elastic, and then raised and made to move rapidly to and fro . . . the bulk of the tongue-muscle must be shifted backwards, sometimes accompanied with secondary trillings of the uvula. . . . *R* is now not trilled except in out-of-the way parts of Scotland.

I was wondering what our old friend Captain Bone, a keen student of philology, would say about this, and practising a "secondary trilling of the uvula" with some success, when someone else came in to wash his hands. I pretended to be admiring the mass of the RCA building, which is very beautiful from our washroom in the dusk.

Dr. Jespersen says in his preface, with excellent wisdom, "It has been my endeavor to represent English Grammar not as a set of stiff dogmatic precepts, according to which some things are correct and others absolutely wrong, but as something living and developing under continual fluctuations and undulations." And speaking of the continual necessity for condensation, he remarks:—

> Not only is the writer's art rightly said to consist largely in knowing what to leave in the inkstand, but in the most everyday remarks we suppress a great many things which it would be pedantic to say expressly. "Two third returns, Brighton," stands for something like: "Would you please sell me two third-class tickets from London to Brighton and back again, and I will pay you the usual fare for such tickets."

And as the Doctor says that, somehow there appears to me in a vision the long hall of the Gare de Lyon in Paris and myself inwardly formulating what I hoped would be an idiomatic request for the transportation I needed.—And as any variation from the expected may always be a source of humor, it is sometimes best for the foreigner (unless the train is leaving immediately) to expound his desires as best he can with complete and pedantic fullness. It often puts the ticket seller in an agreeable cackle, especially if you can do a secondary trill on the uvula.

A casual note such as this can give you no fair idea of the richness and interest of Dr. Jespersen's treatise. He eases me (somewhat) of one old anxiety, a feeling that the expression *all of* a thing (which we all continually use) is indefensible. My notion was that *of* is necessarily a partitive, and therefore that one cannot have all *of* a thing. But he states conclusively that *of* is not always partitive but sometimes appositional, as for instance in *the City of Rome* (= the City which is Rome) or *that little wretch of a Rebecca* (= that little wretch who is Rebecca).

Dr. Jespersen is interesting on such familiar anomalies as the cases of pronouns. "The natural tendency in English," he says, "has been towards a state in which the nominative of pronouns is used only where it is clearly the subject, and where this is shown by close proximity to a verb, while the objective is used everywhere else." He gives interesting examples—some of which cause pain:—

> "Oh!" she instantly replied, "*he* began it, not *me.*"
>
> [Strachey: *Queen Victoria*]
>
> We've had our little differences, you and me.
>
> [Arnold Bennett]
>
> Another fellow, probably him who had remained below, came to the door.
>
> [R. L. Stevenson]

But the most interesting of these examples are the familiar exclamation "Dear me!" and such a sentence as "He saw it himself."

The same influence has been at work, Jespersen notes, in the interrogative pronoun *who;* but with opposite effect. Since the interrogative comes first, and usually followed closely by the verb, it has been generalized in the nominative case. "*Who* is now practically the only form used in colloquial speech," Jespersen says, and this has been so for at least three centuries. E.g. Shakespeare:—

Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?
Pray you, who does the wolfe love?

It would be pedantic, says our authority, to insist on "From whom is that letter" rather than the colloquial "Who is that letter from?" But he adds that grammarians have been so severe in blaming this anomaly "that now many people feel proud when they remember writing *whom* and even try to use that form in speech." In the matter of relative pronouns, *who* also tends to displace *whom.* He quotes a sentence from E. F. Benson:—"I met a man whom I thought was a lunatic," without stating pointedly whether he considers it wrong. To me, the error here is in misplacing the *was.* It should be either:—I met a man who was, I thought, a lunatic—or, I met a man whom I thought [to be] a lunatic.

But so are all of us [we all] if we brood too long on English grammar.

Passing from grammar to higher phases of language, I thought there was much wisdom in what Mary Colum said not long ago (in the *Forum* magazine for November) about "style":—

> One of the surest ways of telling whether any book or poem or essay or story is real literature is by its style. Now style is not at all what so many teachers and professors tell us that it is: it is not necessarily the careful picking of words, the avoiding of clichés, the tasteful arrangement of language—any educated person with a literary bent can do all that. But what style really is is the translation into language of an inner rhythm of the mind, an inner rhythm which is the essence of the writer's personality, of his gifts, of his passions, his emotions, his psychic energy. A writer may with practice become more skilful at expressing his inner rhythm, but style can never be taught or acquired—all that can ever be taught or learned is a graceful use of words. At some times a writer is better able than others to express in language his inner rhythm; the inner rhythm itself may not last him all his life any more than youth or beauty does, though there have been men of genius like Sophocles and Goethe in whom it lasted to extreme old age, outwearing beauty and strength and youth.

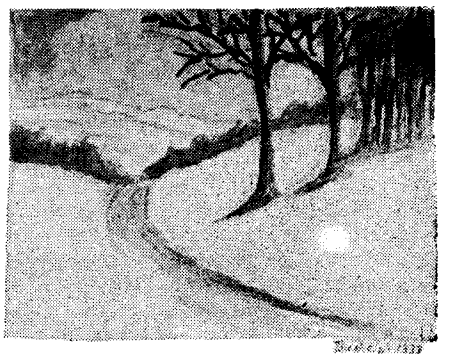
WHO WROTE IT?

Mr. Don Marquis somewhere came across the following verse, and asks if anyone knows who wrote it:—

The golf links are so near the mills
That almost every day
The working children can look out
And see the men at play.

GOUGLOFF

Terence Holliday, of the admired Holliday Bookshop with its mystically satisfying address (49 East 49), writes of a recipe for *Gougloff*—the *gâteau alsacien* which other clients also refer to as Kougelhopf, Kugelkopf, etc.



A BOOKMARK for WINTER

Drawn for the Bowling Green by R. J. Bucholz.

Mr. Holliday says:

I find KOUGLOUPF in the "Good Fare" of M. Edouard de Pomaine translated by Blanche Bowes and Doris Z. Moore under the imprint of Gerald Howe, London. The French title was "Le Code de la Bonne Chère." An earlier work of M. de Pomaine, "Bien Manger pour Bien Vivre," has been crowned by the Académie Française—and could I crown you for starting this! Thus Kougloupf: "8½ oz. flour; 2 eggs; 3½ oz. butter; 3½ oz. castor sugar; 4½ oz. currants; salt, quant. suff.; 1 oz. yeast, and 2 tablespoonfuls milk. Mix eggs, salt and sugar. Add melted warm butter, flour, yeast mixed in milk, currants and (if need be) a little milk. Knead the paste by hand until it no longer sticks to the palm. Pour into a deep buttered mould, only half filling it. Put in a warm room for 2 or 3 hours. When the dough is well risen, bake in a hot oven for about ¾ of an hour. Wait till cold and then turn out. Sprinkle with icing sugar." But *with* what? A very dry sherry? A Madeira? Julian Street can finish this.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND COCKTAILS

SIR:—Last year—on what evidence I cannot guess—you announced that January 6 was the date of Sherlock Holmes's birthday, and 1853 the probable ye That seemed to be about right: I reme ber that the beautiful Irene Adler, " woman," the only one toward whom Sher-lock might conceivably have felt an impulse of sentiment, was born ("in New Jersey") in 1858. (Where in New Jersey, I wonder?)

Anyhow, every year about Christmas time I get out my Conan Doyle and read Sherlock again. And your comment lately about cocktails having gone back to 25 cents reminded me that Holmes considered even that price a trifle high. In *The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor,* you remember, he examines a hotel bill in which a cocktail costs a shilling and a glass of sherry 8d. He deduces that the bill was from "one of the most expensive hotels."

Will not the Hotel Duane on Madison Avenue, which you say is frequented by Sherlock Holmes's publishers, invent a Sherlock Holmes cocktail in honor of the birthday? I will offer the 2-volume edition of the Complete Stories as a prize for the most appropriate formula.—Of course there should really be two; the *Sherlock* and the *Mycroft.* What a subtle and softly influential philtre the *Mycroft* would have to be!

Another thought: what evidence can you give of Sherlock's religious feelings, if any?

CHARING CROSS.

St. George, Staten Island.

I like Mr. Cross's suggestion about the cocktail, and will be pleased to forward for his judgment any suggested formulae. In regard to Irene Adler ("a face that a man might die for" was Holmes's astonishing description) I have always maintained that she was born in Hoboken.

Of Holmes's religious feelings: I've always supposed that the beginning of his atheistic tendency was the fact that if he hadn't been on his way to the college chapel he wouldn't have been bitten by Trevor's bull terrier. (See the story of the *Gloria Scott.*) It must have been a bad bite; he was laid up for ten days. But he was a student of the Bible (see *The Crooked Man*).

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

WILLIAM McFEE COLLECTION OF JAMES T. BABB

"You know where you are with steam"

(Bookplate for a special collection. The photo shows Mr. McFee in his days as ship's engineer.)

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Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

THE only book by a German setting forth the gospel according to the Nazis which has received any widespread attention outside of Germany is the bowdlerized version of Hitler's "Mein Kampf." Whether in its truncated English form, or in the original, the book has no more value than any volume of the collected speeches of a rabble-rousing politician. The real doctrine, the "philosophy" of the Nazi movement is best studied, not in the hysterical tirades of Hitler, but in the reasoned exposition of that eminent, not quite one hundred per cent German, Alfred Rosenberg, whose Jewish name and Baltic provenance disturb the complacence of patriotic Germans no more than does the recent naturalization of Hitler himself as a German citizen. After all, when Germany decides to be "Germanic" such details do not count, as witness the fact that the high priest of pre-war Hohenzollern Teutonism was the English husband of Wagner's daughter, Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

"Die Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts" is now a forgotten book, and even during the war it was rarely mentioned as a source of the *furor teutonicus*. It so happens that I read it in Berlin during the year of the Agadir crisis, the year when *der Tag* became a patriotic toast. Very naturally, when Alfred Rosenberg published "Der Mythus des 20. Jahrhunderts" I turned to it with curiosity, recognizing the voice of the Englishman's disciple in the title chosen by the Russo-German Alfred Rosenberg. Just as it was the *Volksausgabe* of Chamberlain's work which gave it widespread publicity, so the *Volksausgabe* of Herr Rosenberg's book arrived, three years after its original publication, "shortly after the beginning of the German revolution," to quote the introduction, in order to "add its share to the creation of the German renaissance." The current edition is a volume of more than seven hundred closely printed pages, which deserve the attention of those interested in the present phase of German politics, but which, I fancy, will not enjoy the honors of translation, for the reason that no publisher could afford to pay for the dreadful labor involved, and few non-Germans could stand the ordeal of wrestling with Herr Rosenberg's tortuous phrases and even more tortuous logic.

It has frequently and rightly been pointed out that the persecution of non-Aryan German citizens has been allowed to take precedence over all other manifestations of German intolerance. While Christendom revolts at the victimization of Jews, it is not, I think, aware of the more interesting fact that the Nazi leaders are not only anti-Semitic but also anti-Christian. Herr Rosenberg, in his wild mumbo-jumbo of bad Nietzscheanism and stale ethnology out of Chamberlain, out of Gobineau, out of Spengler, definitely propounds the theory that the world has been poisoned by those races which refuse to worship Thor and Odin. The crucifix is to him a gallows, a silly image which has come to be associated with the non-Germanic weakness known as pity. The Pope is simply the "medicine man" of Europe, whose voodoo practices interfere with the gentle art of making enemies for Germany. The *Hakenkreuz,* on the other hand, is the true Germanic cross, symbolizing the warrior virtues of the Goths and Huns. Mercy and charity are low-class Christian ideals which hardly deserve the attention of a Brownshirt, save in so far as he can exterminate them.

The Roman Catholic Church, in Herr Rosenberg's eyes, is a greater menace to Aryanism than even Judaism. The Jews, after all, are a minority and can be butchered or sterilized as the occasion demands, but His Holiness, strange to say, cannot be disposed of so easily. Realizing this sad fact, Herr Rosenberg consoles himself and points a moral to adorn his history by gently insinuating that the Saint Bartholomew massacre marked the end of France's career as a first-rate power. Most of us, I suppose, would hardly deny that Henri IV deprived France of many valuable citizens; the witticism, *Paris vaut bien une messe,* is quite amusing, but somehow one does not think of the slaughter of the Huguenots as the brightest chapter in French history nor yet as the downfall of the French nation. Nations that are neither Nordic nor Protestant nor blond have, curiously, managed to function.

Herr Rosenberg, however, does not think so. If Dante is a great Italian poet and patriot, that is because he was a blond from the plains of Lombardy. Far be it from me to deny the thesis so biologically and logically sustained by Havelock Ellis, that gentlemen prefer blondes, but history is made of sterner stuff, so Herr Rosenberg proceeds to rewrite it. Those of us who have been taught to believe that the barbarian invasions destroyed Roman civilization are mistaken. Herr Rosenberg proves that what Europe needs is bigger and better barbarians. Whenever anything good happened along the Mediterranean littoral, he can always prove that the people responsible were not Latin or Catholic, and certainly not Jewish. He has a nice compound adjective, which may be roughly rendered as Etruscan-Syrio-Judæo-Asiatic, and with this implement he disposes of many things. "Humanity," "Freedom," "Liberalism," "Class," for example, are mere substitutes, invented by Jews, for Jehovah. A good lynching in America delights Herr Rosenberg's heart, because it is a proof that "here, finally, the idiotic principle of equality" is abandoned.

Next to Jews and Christians, the most contemptible spectacle that offends Herr Rosenberg's gaze is women. It is interesting to learn that the reason why America is not on the same high, cultural level as Nazi Germany is because women have too much freedom. Like Jews, women are always invoking their rights making claims to equality. This, according to Herr Rosenberg, will never do. Women must be "emancipated from female emancipation." They must also be prevented from looking into the windows of Jewish department stores where, apparently unlike Gentile stores, they discover lures which lead to "erotic anarchy." The fall of Babylon was due to the fact that Istar began as a virgin goddess of the chase, in Hamurabi's time she was depicted as a bearded youth, but she finally became Astarte, "the symbol of sexual anarchy." That disposes of Babylon.

It has constantly been pointed out that the Nazis argue simultaneously that all Jews are communists, yet they are all interested in the preservation of international finance-capitalism. This oblique reasoning is not reserved only for the Jews. Democracy is likewise accused of strange contradictory proceedings. It believes in pacifism—an unpardonable crime—but goes to war. It deprives men of all their manly virtues, yet these men die for principles. Instead of being fooled by Hitler, they are fooled by international Jewish bankers—such, presumably, as J. P. Morgan and Company. Like Hitler, Herr Rosenberg has never heard of munition makers, he knows nothing of international Gentile armament firms. In fact, I do not think the name of his leader's chief financial supporter, Herr Thyessen, occurs once in this voluminous work. His absence, I suggest, is the "myth of the twentieth century."

❧ ❧

Henceforth on the first week of every month Ernest Boyd will survey Continental literature.

A Poet's Output

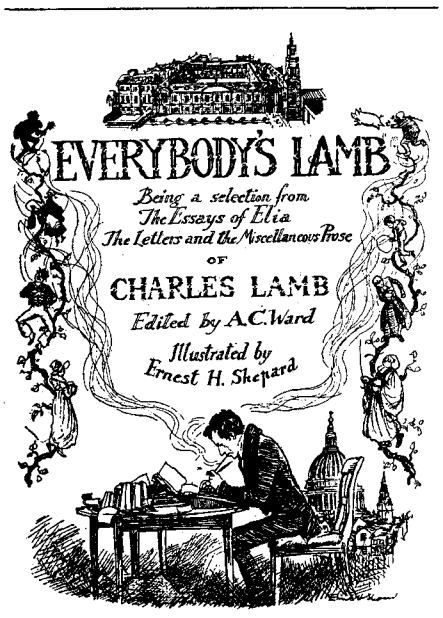
A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF ROBINSON JEFFERS. By S. S. Alberts. New York: Random House. 1933. $10.

Reviewed by BERTHA COOLIDGE SLADE

THE first impression of a bibliography on the reviewer is as important and subtle as the first greeting of a new acquaintance and Sidney S. Alberts's workable volume on Robinson Jeffers, 487 copies of which have been printed at the Walpole Press for Random House, has the qualifications of suitable size, good typography, and excellent paper which make it at once an agreeable book to handle and read.

Turning immediately to the preface instead of yielding to temptation and plunging headlong into the foremost page of the actual text, one finds that the author has forestalled the critic and answered the few questions which might shortly be raised. Mr. Alberts opens by relating the circumstances of his introduction to the poetry of Jeffers in 1927, his enthusiastic search for recognized authorities on the subject, and his discovery that none existed, which resulted in the origin of his present work. Recognizing the recent and in some cases well deserved criticism of bibliographies of living authors, he adds that an apology for these "is in order only if the subject is unworthy of perpetuation" and considers that a contemporary bibliographer "suffers a handicap and gains an advantage." The advantage, of course, lies in the fact that when doubtful problems arise he can turn to the original source for information. It is true that some authors have been known to raise insurmountable barriers between themselves and the outside world not excepting the enthusiastic collectors of their own works.

Robinson Jeffers is not one of these and his bibliographer has been fortunate in having his sympathetic assistance in many ways not the least of which is the delightful foreword written especially for this book and entitled "Remembered Verses." Following this charming contribution by the poet himself comes the main portion of the bibliography which opens with a chronological table of publications in concise form and continues with the bibliographical descriptions of works published separately but whose numbers correspond with those of the previous list. Title-pages are reproduced in many cases and here and there manuscript facsimiles are introduced. Lists of books and pamphlets containing original contributions then appear followed by those of poetry and prose printed in periodicals and newspapers, with an arrangement of cross reference numbers planned in such a highly specialized manner that to check and recheck them becomes a fascinating sport. We turn next to fragments of hitherto unpublished material found on the verses of certain sheets of an original manuscript which are followed in turn by prose and poetry not previously printed in book form. At the close come the lists of anthologies, books, and pamphlets pertaining to the subject and an index of first lines of Jeffers's works and a general index. It is indeed a bibliography *de luxe* and should prove most excellent reading for the layman as well as the collector. Technically it is a most interesting work. Mr. Alberts has chosen to transcribe the title-pages in the upper case with no variations of size. Whether this method is altogether clear is a question still under discussion among bibliographers, and as no conclusion has as yet been reached it becomes a matter of personal taste. The collations which follow the title-pages are clear and concise. The descriptions of bindings, paper, and printing are given in detail, and it is through the coöperation of the publishers and collectors as well as Robinson and Una Jeffers themselves that the notes which follow are so comprehensive and valuable in every way. They contain much bibliographical material which, without vast effort, would be impossible to acquire in connection with any but a contemporary subject and they make delightful reading as well. Mr. Alberts is to be greatly congratulated on his achievement and while the volume undoubtedly contains much that is outside the scope of the usual bibliography it is a model in form, subject matter, and arrangement.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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Round About Parnassus

THERE are a good many volumes of poetry before me on the shelf and yet there do not seem to be many of extraordinary interest. The best two books are the fourth volume of "The Poems of *T. Sturge Moore:* Collected Edition" (Macmillan), and "The Collected Verse of *Robert Hillyer*" (Knopf). The former, the poet of Well Walk, is now sixty-three years old. He has an enviable record of work behind him, both as poet, wood engraver, and critic of art. He is an almost exact contemporary of *Laurence Binyon,* the distinguished English poet now lecturing at Harvard, who is keeper of prints and drawings at the British Museum and an authority on Oriental art. Both poets are distinctly in the classical tradition, and the sum total of Binyon's verse is also considerable. He is the better poet, because his is the greater clarity of expression, and statement more forcefully knit. Moore is idiosyncratic, sometimes pleasingly so but at other times turgid in his oratory, gnarled in his expression. As for the spirit of the man, it is the right English spirit—than which, when it is right, there is no finer. To illustrate I will quote a verse from Moore's poem, "The Lure of Medusa," written in 1915 when crowd sentiment in England was at fever heat and many wartime utterances should have stricken their speakers with shame. Moore said:

The danger is lest loathing wrath
Reflect the rage withstood,
Give scowl for scowl, and counterpart
Black deeds, till, with their mood
Infected, victor vanquished, you
In triumph's hour should be
High flattering monument to their hate,
Your foe's live effigy.

You can mark in this the gnarled expression of which I speak, but also you may not miss the wisdom and the truth ken in an appalling time. In the next r, in "Our Objective and our Behavior," ore speaks of English opinion considerthe mob's "loudest cries" as though "heaven watched through just such as their eyes," and adds this, concerning the conscientious objectors on trial:

Here, not the judge, but those condemned
are brave!
Yes, freedom is a state he cannot know
Who does not feel that conscience should
be free
As the clear-hearted winds and unfenced
sea!

He spoke again, in 1920, even more forcefully against the Black and Tan reprisals. This is enough to show that despite his preoccupation with Psyche and Pan, Persephone, Herakles, and Omphale, in dramatic dialogue, he has been awake in the world. For pure poetry I prefer his "Metamorphoses" dedicated to William Butler Yeats "in affection and admiration," in this particular volume. And I should not disguise the fact that Moore's use of language often seems to me awkward. So was that of George Meredith in poetry, excessively so; but Moore has set up no such landmarks in English verse as were Meredith's "Love in the Valley," and "Modern Love."

Robert Hillyer

I find a peculiar kinship between such a poet as the elderly Sturge Moore in England and our own younger Robert Hillyer. In beginning "Thirty Pastorals" Hillyer says,

Ponder the tone; the broken theme
Sounds once for us, and not for long.
It is easy to forget a dream
However exquisite it seem,
It is easy to forget a song.

We must ponder the tone in both these poets, irrespective of whether or not their lines long remain in the mind, to extract all they have to give. Hillyer, unfortunately, has the same tendency toward banality in his less successful poems that afflicts Moore. I could never see, for instance, why Quiller Couch chose Moore's "A Duet" for the Oxford Book. But besides this, Hillyer has a surer phrasing than Moore's—a clearer music. His chief characteristic seems to me to be his aloofness. In his poem "XXth Century" he speaks of there being no time in this epoch

Not even for a kiss,
Not even for this,
Not even for this rhyme.

And yet he seems to me to take all the time there is in his meditations, to be little shaken by the vibrant stress of the day in which we live. I have no criticism for aloofness in a poet, provided the spirit of change in his own epoch is moving through him. In times of change it is extremely difficult for poets to write real poetry about what is going on in the world. It has been done. It is not impossible. *Milton* and *Wordsworth* did it. But even young *Shelley* in revolt had to lift the issues of his time into the realm of personifications and abstractions when he was writing poetry. There is somehow a gulf fixed between poetry and the newspaper. And Hillyer by temperament and disposition is the music-maker and the dreamer of dreams. That does not mean that he has not words for the world today. He will never probably attain the vogue and the emolument of the wittier poets of the day, of the topical satirists of their time; yet he can say this of "Repartee" in a far deeper sense and make an uncommonly good sonnet of it:

As one who bears beneath his neighbor's
roof
Some thrust that staggers his unready wit,
And brooding through the night on such
reproof
Too late conceives the apt reply to it;
So all our life is but an afterthought,
A puzzle solved long past the time of need,
And tardy wisdom that one failure bought
Finds no occasion to be used in deed.
Fate harries us; we answer not a word,
Or answering too late, we waste our
breath;
Not even a belated quip is heard
From those who bore the final taunt of
death;
And thus the Jester parries all retort:
His jest eternal, and our lives so short.

It is in his sonnets and in the long poem of four sections, "The Gates of the Compass" (that are Memory, Death, Ecstasy, and Love) that I find Mr. Hillyer's deepest and most moving meditations. His lyrics have variety and beauty of form, and often a fine acid touch, but they are not my first choice. Here, however, is assuredly poetry—minor poetry but accomplished and civilized. It does not give me the authentic spinal thrill. It is, perhaps, too civilized for that. But it is work fine in grain. Perhaps poets themselves will best appreciate it. It is of the traditional not the experimental kind. Its victories are in subleties of mood.

And Other Poets

I shall pass rapidly over a few other books, and list the remainder. In "The Best Poems of 1933" (Harcourt), selected by Thomas Moult I found quite original *Robert P. Tristram Coffin's* poem on an airplane flight. Its observation seemed to me most exact. And there are other good poems in the book, as well as others of less merit. Many familiar names are in the roster: *Conrad Aiken, Robert Nathan, Frances Frost, Joseph Auslander, Witter Bynner, Carl Sandburg, Laurence Housman, Horace Gregory, Leonora Speyer, Roy Campbell, Walter de la Mare, Humbert Wolfe,* etc. *Don Blanding's* "Let Us Dream" (Dodd, Mead), profusely and rather garishly illustrated by the author, is mainly journalistic. He is an American living in Hawaii. "Silver Farthing" by *Leura Dorothy Bevis* is of no great account save that it is a most beautiful example of small bookmaking printed for Ernest Dawson of Los Angeles by the Grabhorn Press. Eight pamphlets of The Poetry Series of The Modern Editions Press at 725 Greenwich Street, this city, include single poems by *Horace Gregory, Lincoln Kirstein, Raymond Ellsworth Larsson,* and others. They are delightfully printed with illustrated covers Of books of some interest that I think do not merit more than listing, there are these: "Peddler's Pack," by *Mary Owen Lewis* (Philadelphia: David McKay), "The Awakening of Iseult," by *Edith Tatum* (Oglethorpe University Press), "Selected Lyrics," by *Russell Pope* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), "Threads and Shadows: An Anthology," compiled by *James Neill Northe* (Herald-Silhouettes Press, Ontario, California), "Wild Pasture Pine," by *W. W. Christman* (Albany, N. Y.: The Argus Company), "Agarita Berry," by *Siddie Joe Johnson* (Dallas: Southwest Press).

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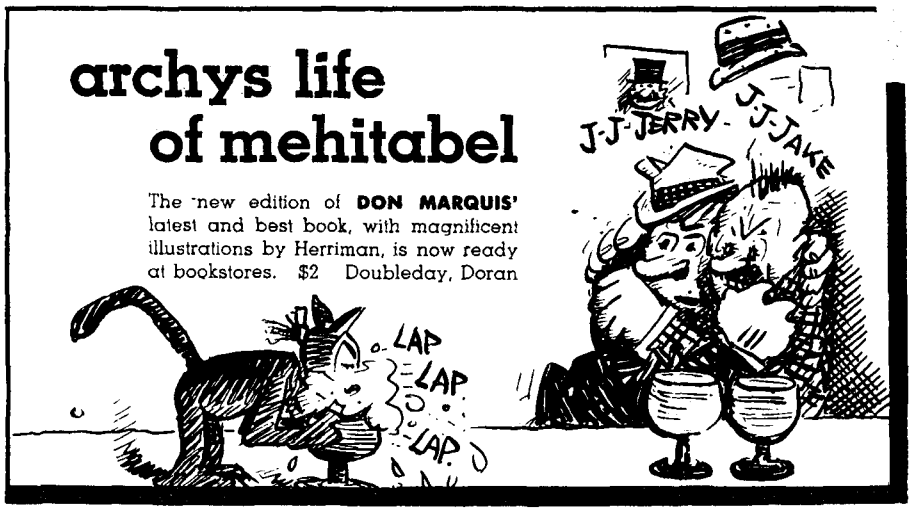

"Light-houses, my boy! Beacons of the Future!"

SO, in one of his sagacious obiters on life at large, did Sherlock Holmes speak of the school buildings of the London suburbs. (See the story of the Naval Treaty, in the **Memoirs.**)

AT the beginning of the year, nothing has struck us so sharply as a chance item of statistics. In 1900 there were about 200,000 students in High Schools in the United States. In 1930, over Four Million. In 1900 there were about 180,000 college students. In 1930, about One Million.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW will always hope to be welcome in those light-houses; to appeal to that growing audience who have been trained to respect the judgments and aspirations of intelligence. Without any appeasing dogma or hallucinations of certainty, this Review attempts a week-by-week picture of what is to be found in books—"men's better parts."

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

STORIES FOR TELLING

THE holiday season belongs of right to the children, and so as this is still the holiday season in which we are writing though it will no longer be so when our column is printed, we're starting in with questions pertaining to the reading of young folk. *H. L. G. of Bristol, Conn.*, writes us that she wants "the names of some books which contain stories for *telling* to children of sixth, seventh, and eighth grade ages—about ten to fifteen years. Something exciting and dramatic preferred. I have used [she adds] MYTHS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW and IN THE DAYS OF THE GIANTS." And *S. L. of Patchogue, N. Y.*, sends in a request for material which overlaps the foregoing, since she wishes "short stories or cuttings from books suitable for a seventh grade story hour." Here's a rare chance to kill two birds with one stone. We hope our correspondents won't take umbrage at our use of the old adage, but will understand that we're merely elated at the opportunity that offers to make a suggestion serve two turns instead of one.

To begin at the bottom of the ladder with the children of tenderest years. For these youngsters of from ten to eleven such a book as Howard Pyle's perennially delightful THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (Scribners) ought to prove full of interest. Here is lively incident and heroic personality presented with the simplicity and the color that children love. The lustiest small folk will find the narrative vigorous enough for their taste. On the other hand, the imaginative type of child will perhaps most enjoy Walter de la Mare's charming THE THREE MULLAR MULGARS (Knopf), with its humorous and poetic account of the wanderings of three royal monkeys. However, even small folk of literal mind will find enough picturesque episodes in the tale to hold them fascinated. There's another book, too, which should appeal to the younger set, TWENTY-FOUR UNUSUAL STORIES (Harcourt, Brace), edited by Anna Cogswell Tyler, a collection which offers variety and color.

For the next group, the children of from eleven to thirteen years of age, there's again a book by Howard Pyle, this time THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS (Scribners). And if there's any cycle of tales more likely to make appeal to the love of romance and the instinct for glamour of the boy and girl just entering upon adolescence we don't know it. Moreover, this volume opens a fertile field, for there's no reason why Pyle's specifically juvenile volume can't be supplemented, for the older members of the group at least, by Tennyson's IDYLLS OF THE KING and pages or chapters from Mallory. Another work that ought to be a certain favorite, particularly with the boys, is HEROES FROM HAKLUYT (Holt), edited by Charles J. Finger, a good, swinging collection of episodes in adventure. Then there's Marguerite Clément's ONCE IN FRANCE (Doubleday, Doran), which imparts information pleasantly under the guise of a yarn. We almost forgot to add to this list Kipling's JUNGLE BOOKS (Doubleday, Doran), which we really think ought to be here even though perhaps they are not exciting or dramatic in the ordinary sense. They are so, at any rate, by virtue of their beauty and interest.

And now finally for the children of thirteen and over, who, at least the older among them, are ready for many adult books. They are at the age when PLUTARCH'S LIVES (Modern Library or Dutton's Everyman's Library) should prove striking and stirring, and when Bulfinch's AGE OF CHIVALRY (Lothrop) will fire the imagination and stimulate interest in history. The older members of the group should be mature enough to enjoy O. Henry's CABBAGES AND KINGS and THE FOUR MILLION and will doubtless hang breathless over THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (Burt). But why enumerate more books for this period of youth, which stands on the threshold of the literature that will delight and solace all their days? A dozen avenues stretch out before them thickset with delight.

MORE CHILDREN'S CLASSICS

And now for a letter from one of our readers which adds so many interesting titles to the list of children's classics which we printed not long ago that we are inserting it here entire. But even her additions do not exhaust the possibilities of other lists as long as hers and our own that could still easily be drawn up. But we are grateful to Miss Anne Fitzgerald for her suggestions. Here they are:

"I can't resist sending you some of my favorites. They include Kingley's GREEK HEROES (which I preferred to TANGLEWOOD TALES, though I devoured both); SCOTTISH CHIEFS; HANS BRINKER; HEIDI; THE SECRET GARDEN; Winston Churchill's THE CROSSING (Book One has recently been published separately by some really intelligent person. It is a grand book for boys, and quite independent of the second part); GREYFRIAR'S BOBBY; BOB, SON OF BATTLE; WHITE FANG; THE CALL OF THE WILD; WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN; THE VIRGINIAN; MARMION, and THE LADY OF THE LAKE (we used to take Sunday walks in the woods when we were seven or eight and younger, running on ahead of the adult members of the family and chanting aloud "The stag at eve—" I suppose everyone drives cars now, though). Also Charlotte M. Yonge. If THE DAISY CHAIN is too old-fashioned for the modern young, the historical novels are excellent. THE LITTLE DUKE can be read quite young, then the LANCES OF LINWOOD, TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES, etc., WESTWARD HO! and HEREWARD, by Kingsley, though that is getting to the border line of adult books. How about some of the other school stories, though? DAVID BLAIZE AND THE HILL, and STALKY & CO.? And Macaulay's LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME? These were given me at the age of five and I believe Dad read them aloud. At least, I have no recollection of reading them myself, but seem to have known them always. Dickens's CHRISTMAS CAROL; THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL. And every child should have a few good history books at a very early age. I still remember E. M. Tappan's story of the Greek people better than anything since, and THE BOYS OF '76, but my French and German history is a blank until I had some at college. In fact, historical novels have left a strong impression. These I suppose come in the adult class, really, and not all children like them, but those who do revel, and if you ever have a request for them they are rather a hobby of mine. Do you know D. K. Broster? She has done some splendid ones on periods not always well represented. And B. M. Dix's MAKING OF CHRISTOPHER FERRINGHAM is a first class picture of early Massachusetts about 1652."

Miss Fitzgerald sent us some other interesting comment, which we hope some day to find space to print.

ON LAUNDRIES AND SALESMANSHIP

For part of the next inquiry which lies before us we find ourself obliged to turn to our readers for help. For *M. L. M. of Philadelphia, Pa.*, wants "the names of two or three competent books concerning the Model Laundry," and all the best efforts of Ruth Flint and ourself have failed to unearth the proper volumes. Such friends as we have who have ever had any connection with laundries except resenting ink marks on their clothes or wishing the garments to be sent would sort themselves, know nothing of any literature concerning them. Yet we're sure it must exist. Can anyone direct M. L. M. to it? In the meanwhile we'll refer her to the sources of information she desires on the subject of Sales Letters, regarding which she wants authoritative books published since 1920. Here is a list recommended by the American Library Association: INFLUENCING MEN IN BUSINESS (Ronald Press), by Walter Dill Scott and Delton T. Howard; THE MIND OF THE BUYER (Macmillan), by Harry Dexter Kitson; CONSTRUCTIVE SALESMANSHIP (Harpers), by John Alford Stevenson, and THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SELLING AND ADVERTISING (McGraw-Hill), by Edward K. Strong, Jr. While these books may not all take up the matter of sales letters specifically, they all deal with the technique and point of view necessary for their successful construction. A book which comes highly recommended by teachers of business methods is the recently issued SCIENTIFIC SALESMANSHIP (St. Louis, Mo.: American Efficiency Bureau), by Charles Bennett. If M. L. M. would lighten her serious labors by reading a gay, and at the same time salty, book on sales letters we suggest that she procure Christopher Morley's entertaining satire, GINGER CUBES (Doubleday, Doran).

The New Books

Biography

BRITAIN'S MASTER SPY, The Adventures of Sidney Reilly. A Narrative Written by Himself, Edited and Completed by His Wife. Harpers. 1933. $2.75.

While all spy stories seem fantastic and incredible this one bears the marks of more than usual restraint and honest intention to tell the truth. After the first few pages the fascination of the story makes itself felt, and not many readers will put it down before turning the final page. The action is rapid and the scenes constantly shifting, with increasing danger to the protagonist whose courage and resourcefulness enlist your sympathy as the Tcheka-Criminal of Russia unavailingly tries to draw its net about him.

The narrative is in two parts. The first is written by Reilly who describes his attempts in 1918 to ascertain the activity of German agents in Russia and to overthrow Bolshevism. Today one reads with surprise the almost forgotten opinions of seventeen years ago. From the present point of view the book is rather definitely dated.

The second section of the book is written by Pepita Bobadilla whom Reilly married several years after his thrilling escape from Russia. She was an actress, the widow of Haddon Chambers, the British playwright. Herein lies much of the novel interest of the book. We have come to know Reilly through his own bold account of his adventures, but from this point on we are shown through different eyes the corroboration of his unflinching courage, ingenuity, and genuineness. He is made real and sympathetic through the accounts of the unwavering allegiance of his wife, and the fierce loyalty of his fellow-spy, Marie Schultz, who is perhaps the most vivid character we meet. In 1925 Reilly was lured to Russia and fell into the hands of his old enemy. His fate still remains uncertain. Perhaps the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the hero is a reason why this is such an intriguing tale.

H. J. S.

Fiction

THE CROSS OF PEACE. By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $2.50.

In this new novel Sir Philip Gibbs disseminates a propaganda as effective in its way as were his dispatches from the Western Front. It is conventional enough in its beginnings, with a French hero, Armand Gatières, stationed in the Rhineland after the armistice, who falls in love with a young German girl, thereby becoming convinced of the advisability of international amity with understandable ease and rapidity. A series of mishaps separates them, and her tragic death follows. This concludes the first half of the book, which, in spite of presenting a likable and sufficiently lifelike figure in Gatières, is not above the routine quality of Sir Philip's recent novels and gives us nothing new.

The second half is much better. Gatières returns to his home town, Avignon, and resumes civil life as a teacher. He gradually becomes a professed pacifist, influencing his pupils, at first unconsciously, to join international peace societies, and finally—most heinous of crimes in France—to refuse to do their military service. He has meanwhile married the charming sister of one of these conscientious objectors. Unable to break with the traditions of her family in spite of her love for Gatières, his wife leaves him. All this part of the book bears the stamp of real feeling and is admirably told. Rather arbitrarily the author then closes it by bringing about the death of his hero in Germany, where he attempts to defend a Jew (who had previously saved his life during the war) against the cohorts of Hitlerism.

The high and mighty matters dealt with in "The Cross of Peace" no doubt demand a more searching examination and more detailed statement than is possible in the pages of such a novel, but there can be little question that Sir Philip's book will put the case against war in an effective popular form before many people who would not otherwise give more than casual attention to this most vital of problems. The fact that the author comes to no conclusion in the matter of Gatières's vain sacrifice can hardly be held against him when the assembled power and wisdom of the world have been unable to move appreciably in the right direction during the past fifteen years, despite floods of ineffective "Good Will" missions and conferences. He might perhaps have stressed more carefully the economic rather than the ethical arguments against war, and particularly the irrefutable one that any conflict between reasonably evenly matched opponents is bound in the long run to result disastrously for both victor and vanquished. In any case this book does him honor and should find a large audience.

T. M. P., Jr.

HAND OF BRONZE. By Burris Jenkins. Willet, Clark. 1933. $2.

The sincere intention and worthy purpose of this novel go far to disarm criticism. It is the story of a ruthless newspaper man who dominates a middle-western town, and although it covers the last decade, it has the remote flavor of Booth Tarkington's early social fictions. The central character's name is Bronze: hence the title. This device typifies the characterization and the technique generally.

G. S.

SKIN AND BONES. By Thorne Smith. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.

Mr. Smith has a fertile fancy and is undoubtedly a sex-stimulant. His books are enormously popular with the country-clubber. He has made the naughty-naughty school pay and pay well. Personally, I think his illustrator also deserves a great deal of credit. He can make young ladies with hardly any clothes on so extremely luscious. As Smith has dealt largely—and minutely—with epidermis, it is not strange to find him dealing now with skin and bones, with the story of a living skeleton who was actually a skeleton, and how that got in the way of his love-life.

Second paragraph: Mr. Smith rather bores me. There is no doubt that a certain amount of him was funny, but I am completely sated with his books. And he isn't the only man who can do arch-fan-

(*Continued on following page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
McKEE OF CENTRE STREET *Helen Reilly* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murder of night-club dancer leads dour, attractive Inspector McKee a merry, difficult chase through New York.	Speakeasies, backyards; movies and South America; basements, pent-houses; emeralds and perfumes all provide exciting clues.	Rapid fire
THE KITCHEN CAKE MURDER *Christopher Bush* (Morrow: $2)	All possible murderers of narsty British blackmailer had iron-clad alibis—until a housewife wrapped up some cake.	Superintendent Marston and Ludovic Travers trail a killer along exciting paths—but do they get the killer?	Top notch
THE DEATH WISH *Elisabeth Sanxay Holding* (Dodd, Mead: $2)	One unhappy husband slays his spouse, another wants to, and oh, what a mess!	Not strictly a mystery, but there's murder in it, swift action and crepitating conversation.	Dangerous
THE VENNER CRIME *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2)	Old man dies; nephew disappears, a vagrant's corpse is found, and Dr. Priestley plays tag with death.	One of those English "slow-motion" cases with much painstaking unraveling and a good melodramatic finish.	Excellent

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WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—according to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

BOOKS IN ENGLISH and FRENCH ON RUSSIAN BALLET, ALSO PRE-WAR AND SOVIET THEATRE. ROSEN, 410 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, CITY

DESIDERATA

LISTS solicited of "BOOKS WANTED" or "FOR SALE." MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. The Oldest "Old Book Shop" in New York.

BOOKS RELATING TO SALT WATER ONLY, new, rare and old. Catalogues. Alfred W. Paine, 336 Lexington Avenue (39th Street), New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. Request List No. 20. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS, PRESS BOOKS. Correspondence solicited. Plymouth Book Shop, 1842 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

ONE HUNDRED COLLECTED *Authors* ed in newest catalogue. Benjamin Hauser, Madison Avenue.

MERICAN literature and history; catalogue 17. Norman A. Hall, 67 Union St., Newton Centre, Mass.

FIRST EDITIONS: PRESS BOOKS: Specialty, Out of Print, and Rare Books, Mail, or by Appointment. Helping Hand Book Shop, 339 Lexington Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

"L'ILLUSTRATION" Christmas number, foremost French weekly, profusely illustrated, nearly 100 colorprints, all suitable for framing, DeLUXE EDITION, $2.25. FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop." Mail-order catalogue 20c (stamps). "Over 500,000 French books in stock."

GENERAL

BOOKLOVERS! By direct contact, I wish to reach the individual desiring personal service. Write for particulars. Copelin R. Day, Summit, N. J.

ASSOCIATION BOOKS, bookplates, first editions. Catalogue now ready. C. H. Page, Gilmanton, N. H.

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS, scientific and literary; ask for catalogue of your specialty. Otto Salomon, Export Bookseller, Oranienburgerstrasse, 58, Berlin N24, Germany.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue. Market analysis of manuscripts without fee.

OLD PRINTS

COLORED PRINTS for *gifts, decoration* or framing. Beautiful flowers and quaint fashion prints, hand-colored and delicate lithographs. Send $1.00 for special assortment of 10. Money returned if not satisfied. Oxford Book Shop, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tasy. Oliver Claxton, in "Heavens Above," has produced this season a book even funnier and less leering than this last of Mr. Smith's. I think the people in the latter's stories would be horrible bores to know. All they're after is hopping into bed with each other or endlessly talking about it. That's all very well in its way, but it palls. Lavishly the liquor flows, and that palls, too. Country-club people can think of very little else to do. Neither can Mr. Smith.

W. R. B.

DAVID. By Naomi Royde-Smith. Viking. 1934. $1.75.

A set of characters that might have been taken from an old play appears in Miss Royde-Smith's "David." Here are the couples that one knows so well: the handsome, highly placed pair and their plainer foils. It is as though the author had set out to tell her story in a manner as traditional as possible, as though she had realized that in spite of a death by motor-accident, in spite of a psychic medium and the intrusion of the war, her tale was essentially an English ghost story. One even misses in it a traditional trapping or two—a moorland, perhaps, or a very old house.

"I saw him riding his pony up the steep lane that led to the Yorkshire rectory"—there in a phrase are the tone and pace of the story. From the moment when the hero-worshipping Morris first sees Stephen Gwyther, it ambles to the gently-managed surprise at the end, and the lane that it follows leads narrowly along the lives of Stephen and his wife Mildred. They are seen through the eyes of Morris, and of Eleanor, who takes care of their child, David. Morris reveals himself, in every flatly-spoken word, as that poor thing, the faithful dog told off by the novelist to deprecate himself at the expense of the hero; Eleanor, in spite of her modernity, is the observing governess of nineteenth century fiction. Stephen is somehow too much cut to a pattern of admirableness to become real, but Mildred emerges with the actuality of an Edwardian photograph colored by hand in pastel tints. Her character, too, is convincing—her cloying sweetness that covers selfishness, her drugged addiction to séances—and it is chiefly on her account that one follows the mild unwindings of the tale to its conclusion, where, with the touch of a good story-teller, Miss Royde-Smith leaves the reader wondering whether David's poor little ghost has not been near all the time.

C. C.

WHERE IS MY MOTHER? By Charles Gilmore Kerley. Smith & Haas. 1933. $2.

Dr. Kerley, the author of this interrogatively titled book, is a well-known pediatrician and child psychologist. From this, the prospective reader might expect a rather mild recording of case histories with frequent excursions into scientific theory. A surprise awaits. Far from erring on the side of lack of plot, plots, interplots, and counter-plots abound. Duels, illegitimate offspring, secret lives, and a hairbreadth escape from incest are some of the ingredients of a highly eventful novel.

The story takes up the life of a girl raised in a foreign country and never knowing what it is to have a mother. Money and freedom permit her to pursue any wilful way she pleases. Even back at the beginning of this century, the period of the story, such a combination led to Europe, Bohemianism, and disaster. These adventures take up the first half of the book. A short middle section deals quickly with the next twenty years, and the last division of the book goes once more into the details of the life of a motherless, wilful girl, this time the illegitimate daughter of the earlier heroine.

Dr. Kerley believes in the dominance of environment over heredity in shaping the individual, finding the source of the maladjustment of his two central characters not so much in any inherited predisposition as in their common lack of maternal love and training. While the plot is artificial and the characters are made to order, there is a sincerity about the whole which saves the book from any hasty dismissal. Some passages, especially the opening ones, are pleasantly humorous in their oblique viewing of human peculiarities. It is a novel which, oddly, might be read either for its sensational story or for its quieter comment on life.

G. G.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archæology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

BELLES LETTRES

Rabelais in English Literature. H. Brown. Harvard Univ. Pr. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

Thomas Hastings. With a Memoir by D. Gray. Houghton. $3.50. *John Henry Newman.* Sister M. A. Kiener. Boston: Collegiate Press Corporation.

DRAMA

Meleager. S. Wyspiánski. Univ. of California Pr. $1.50.

PAMPHLETS

Ten Years. M. Shactman. Pioneer. 10 cents. *The New Deal.* N. Thomas. Chicago: Socialist Party of America. 5 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS

All About Fish. W. S. Berridge. McBride. $2.50. *Birth Control in Practice.* M. E. Kopp. McBride. $3.75. *Our Common Enemy: Colds.* By the Editors of *Fortune*. McBride. *Proceedings of the Maryland Court of Appeals, 1695-1739.* Ed. C. T. Bond. *Treaties Defeated by the Senate.* W. S. Holt. Johns Hopkins Pr. $3.

PHILOSOPHY

Experience and Its Modes. M. Oakeshott. Cambridge Univ. Pr. (Macmillan). $5.50. *Some Aspects of the Life and Work of Nietzsche.* A. H. J. Knight. Cambridge Univ. Pr. $3.75.

POETRY

The Songs of Thomas d'Urfey. Ed. C. L. Day. Harvard Univ. Pr. $2.50. *So Loved the World.* V. L. Paine. Revell. $2.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
EVERYWOMAN *Gilbert Frankau* (Dutton: $2.)	Novel	Author here attempts opus more thought-provoking than his usual readable romances. Result, first person confession of girl of mixed parentage.	Lemon
TIMBAL GULCH TRAIL *Max Brand* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Western	Young Walt inherits ranch, but is forced to throw tons of lead in customary manner to hold it. Brand is an old hand who knows the formula.	Good average
INNOCENT BYSTANDER *Faith Baldwin* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Modern Romance	Young newlyweds have cash, social position, love, understanding. But ole debbil gossip soon brings marriage to the brink of a crack-up.	Oke, but familiar
MUSTANG TRAIL *Oliver King* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Ken Rogers draws trouble along with four aces in his first card game in town. Thenceforth he shooes away hired expert brawlers in approved spectacular fashion.	Good
MONSIEUR BLACKSHIRT *David Graeme* (Lippincott: $2.)	Costume Romance	The quick-witted, sword-juggling illegitimate son of a nobleman finds himself engaged to help win the beauteous lady for his lethargic boss. All this in a Dumas setting.	Raspberry

CLASSIFIED

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"HARD-to-FIND" and "OUT-OF-PRINT" Books reasonably and promptly supplied. "The Seven Bookhunters," Station H, Box 66, New York City.

SCARCE AND RARE BOOKS. Send want lists. No service fees. BOOK HUNTERS, 220 West 42nd, New York City.

WANTED

WANTED:—Full length plays for New York producers. No reading fee. Solely interested in representing mature dramas. Dorothy Maret, 502 Washington Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

WIDOW, lonesome, longing to add flavor and interest to her life, residing east or west, benevolently inclined, may write "John Randolph."

WANTED an IDEA or product. Old, well-established firm with plenty of capital operating in Rocky Mountain territory has seasonal business; needs new product to manufacture or distribute. Box 405.

HASN'T someone inherited a Furness Variorum Shakespeare, full or broken set, which he doesn't need and will sell reasonably? Box 406.

JOBLESS young man: Hoosier; college graduate; pleasant and trust-inspiring appearance; daydreamer and idealist; understands rather than knows; service rather than sales personality; unaggressively radical; service personal; some ability at speaking and arguing; a little experience and training in business (hotel) . . . Would like a job, a scholarship, a subsidy, or advice. Box 418.

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Life position wanted by resourceful capable Chicago widow of forty. Will mother you or your children. Homemaker, linguist, idealist. Box 417.

IN EXCHANGE for maintenance, woman, desiring best environment for two fine boys, will keep house for person of integrity. No fear of country or backwoods. Far north preferred. "Druas."

SOCIALLY stranded? Travel on a postage stamp. Juniors too. The Mixers. 5452 Second, Detroit.

RAMSAY MACDONALD, Premier of Great Britain, in an Associated Press despatch, tells that the British Museum was acquiring the "Codex Sinaitous," regarded as one of the world's important manuscripts. $500,000.00 was to be the price. If the British Museum will acquire and ponder "Shake-speare Identified," that magnificent book by Thomas Looney, it will learn that it possesses the world's most important document; the truth about "Shake-speare." George Frisbee.

WANTED: Position as secretary or companion by young man who knows Swedish, French, German, Spanish, Norwegian. Box 420.

OKLAHOMA WIDOW, lacking a gusher, wishes to correspond with a man with an ounce of brains, a bit of imagination and a spark of romance. Box 421.

IS THERE a paper or magazine who would be willing to give space to an experienced book reviewer in return for first class reviews? No pay. Circulation must be large enough to satisfy the better publishers. Box 422.

LADY, interested in literature, would enjoy corresponding with gentleman, college graduate, in thirties. Box 423.

PERSONAL

What comes after the speakeasy? Are there to be cafés where it will be possible to find your friends? Or little restaurants that you can use as an address? Is anyone going to serve good wine at a low price for intellectuals who won't buy labels? And where are there meeting places with reasonable charges which are quiet enough for talk? This column would like to know.

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from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*

Staccato memorabilia of the march of time at *The Inner Sanctum* for the year 1933:

Publication of volumes two and three of one of the few *Inner Sanctum* books which your correspondents are serenely confident will withstand the slow musketry of the ages—LEON TROTSKY's *History of the Russian Revolution* (2033 A.D. papers please copy)

The Ripleyesque marvel of March 4, 1933—all the banks of the country closed and the book-stores still open!

Frantic telephoning to all *Inner Sanctum* authors on March 5, 1933 to offer them emergency funds—*and no takers!*

Journeying out to Santa Monica, California to be with LAURENCE STALLINGS while putting the finishing touches on the most dramatic editorial adventure in *The Inner Sanctum's* history—the world-wide three-year research that culminated in *The First World War—A Photographic History.*

Receiving a telegram on board *The Chief,* in Newton, Kansas, announcing that *Little Man, What Now?* had been taken by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Mounting joy all over the *Inner Sanctum* as the sales-charts showed *Van Loon's Geography* and *Fun In Bed* to be staples-for-the-years and not merely seasonal best-sellers.

The discovery that *Happy Days* by OGDEN NASH was even funnier than *Hard Lines* and *Free Wheeling.*

ARTUR SCHNABEL'S exalted and heroic playing of BEETHOVEN in three recitals and concerts at Carnegie Hall.

The tranquility-that-passeth-all understanding from such books as *A Philosophy of Solitude* by JOHN COWPER POWYS, *The Art of Friendship* by ABEL BONNARD and *The Anatomy of Criticism* by HENRY HAZLITT.

The spectacular sales of *More Power To You!* maintaining the tradition of Walter B. Pitkin's earlier best-seller *Life Begins at Forty.*

The fact that a year like that makes it so easy to do a column like this, and send it forth with the grateful holiday greetings of

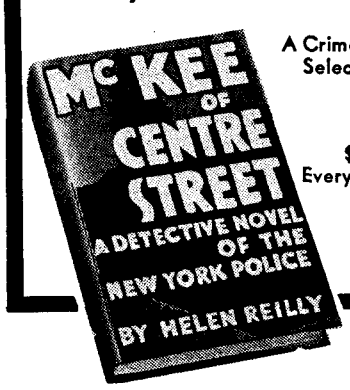
ESSANDESS.

The Clue of the Crushed Camellia

. . . was only one of the strange clues Inspector McKee, ace of Centre Street, found when death came for the little dancer and all the resources of the New York Police swept into action against a subtle murderer.

For further details see the brilliant new detective novel

McKEE OF CENTRE STREET
by HELEN REILLY



A Crime Club Selection

$2 Everywhere

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

Old hypocritical Quercus and the Boys were having their New Year tiffin at a favorite eating place on East 45th Street; unfortunately the weekly bagfull of notes and publishers' flimsies had been forgotten so (like the shepherds in Milton's hymn) they sat "simply chatting." And perhaps Old P. E. G. had trodden on corns without knowing it—anyhow the Boys turned on him.

"All this impression you like to give of being a connoisseur, a leisurely sipper of rich old Burgundies, a dweller upon the classics, is just plain sausage," they cried.

"I doubt if you ever read much of anything but detective stories," said one; "and the way you took down that beaker of sherry just now was like a marine with a guzzle of Scotch," observed the other. "I thought sherry ought to be just a trifle cooled, and then gently gurgled round the oral cavities before oozing down the shaft."

"Old Professor Saintsbury, to say nothing of Morton Shand and Alfred Knopf and Julian Street, would have been aghast," said Tertius.

"You are sharper than a couple of serpent's teeth," said the old man grievously. As a matter of fact he had racked off not just one sherry but two, while the others were arguing. The rules of the meeting are that the check is evenly divided; so any member who orders an extra glass, or gets a packet of cigarettes put on the bill, is that much ahead.

"You must do as I say, not as I do," he continued. "The past fourteen years got a lot of us into bad habits. We fell into the way of shooting in the first couple of noggins as fast as possible, to induce a momentary nirvana—or do I mean nepenthe? I admit that old Henri Mouquin, master of many vintages, who died the other day at the age of 96, would not have approved. The uptown Café Mouquin, at Sixth Avenue and 28th Street, was the rendezvous of the publishing profession twenty years ago. I can still remember the click of the midafternoon dominoes on the marble-topped tables."

"You should have been out peddling books in the middle of the afternoon," objected Medium Q.

"It was there at Mouquin's that O. Henry—according to Bob Davis, best keeper of this town's archives of the spirit—got the idea for his story of Dearest Walter with Hard Boiled Egg."

"Were you the Egg?" inquired the Boys rudely. For it's their job to get current items into Trade Winds, and they were determined that the old fellow should not go reminiscent.

"If we must be timely," he said, "it's an odd thing that the preface in the *Savoy Cocktail Book* compiled by Harry Craddock (Simon & Schuster) is identical with the historical note in *Jack's Manual* by J. A. Grohusko, published by Knopf. I think Jack had precedence, for his manual was first copyrighted in 1908—or are Grohusko and Harry Craddock the same person?"

"There's a lively article in the January *Fortune* about Simon and Schuster," remarked Tertius. "I always enjoyed the story how they hired their first office on 57th Street, had the door lettered *Simon and Schuster, Publishers,* and then went out to lunch to think it over. When they returned some humorous caller had written under the inscription, *Of What?*"

"One thing in that article caught my eye," said P. E. G. "It said something to the effect that the Book Club idea is 'languishing.' That's not so. It's one of the livest phases of the book business; I hear that the Book of the Month Club has 10,000 more subscribers now than they had this time last year."

"I was a little surprised," said Medium, "by some of the generalizations. Such as that the publishing business is 'torn by hideous internal dissensions'; and the remark that 'all publishers hate all booksellers; all booksellers hate all publishers.'"

"There's a mighty interesting comment by Louis Adamic in his forthcoming book, *The Native's Return,*" said P. E. G. "He describes his visit to his native Slovenia, now a part of Yugoslavia. In that small country—there are only 1,100,000 Slovenians in Yugoslavia—there are no less than eleven book-clubs; one with over 40,000 subscribers. In the town of Lublyana (75,000 inhabitants) there are seven large bookshops. And he adds that Slovenian publishers do almost no advertising, for nearly everybody buys books as a matter of course."

"I hope you won't print that," murmured Tertius, whose specialty is gruntling the publishers.

"Adamic's book will be heard from a little later," said Medium. "I understand it's to be the Book of the Month in February. What interests me specially is that it was written on a Guggenheim Fellowship. I look forward with curiosity to seeing what the other American writers, who've been working abroad this year on Guggenheim benevolence, will bring us in the way of fine work. Louise Bogan, E. E. Cummings, George Dillon, Leonard Ehrlich, Matthew Josephson, Glenway Wescott—*something pretty good ought to* emerge from these."

But Old Quercus, perhaps due to the sherry, had passed into a rambling irrelevancy. "The kind of advertising I enjoy," he said, "is that window at Jaeckel's the furrier, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 45th. It shows a cross-section of a Chrysler town-car with an invisible lady going to the opening of the Opera Season. There are her fur coat, her lap-robe, her orchid, pearl opera glasses, libretto of *Peter Ibbetson*—and two ticket stubs tucked into the rich upholstery. Seats A-2 and A-4 in the orchestra, marked 25 bucks each."

"Surely those are not very desirable seats at the Opera," remarked Tertius. "Much too close."

"Aye, she would scarcely need the opera glasses there," perpended Quercus.

"Don't be naif," said Medium. "The glasses are for looking at the boxes, not at the stage."

"Well, that window display induced hallucinations of splendor in my mind," Old Quercus murmured. "I had a day dream: someone had endowed me with a Fortune—oh, something enormous: a thousand dollars."

"What did you do with it?" they asked. For people's day dreams are always interesting.

"I went to Jaeckel's and bought a fur coat. Then to the Buckingham Corporation in the British Empire Building at Rockefeller Center to congratulate them on being appointed Sole Selling Agents for Berry Brothers, the famous wine merchants. There I ordered a case of *Cutty Sark,* that superb Scotch whiskey named for a clipper ship. Then I visited a detective agency on Upper Broadway, whose office has often caught my eye from the top of the bus. I hired an operative to follow a publisher friend of mine and make a detailed report of his movements. How publishers spend their time has always fascinated me."

"That seems very heartless," interrupted Medium Q. "Think of the tedium of the unfortunate detective, spending all those long hours sitting about in restaurants."

"Then, seeing a copy of *The Saturday Review* on display in every bookshop window, I hurried on happy impulse to the Sunwise Turn on 44th Street. There I bought the set of the great Oxford Dictionary which Marcia Passage has on display. But, to Mrs. Passage's great pleasure, I did not remove it from the shop but carried it (in 13 climbs) up the steep ladder to her little overhead balcony—you know, where she keeps her goloshes and where the corpse of Glibson was found."

"Who was Glibson?" asked Tertius, but Old Q. hastened tactfully on.

"I'm going to keep the Dictionary in that peaceful balcony, where there's a big table and an easy chair and a reading lamp. I shall go there for sessions of sweet silent thought. And hidden up there, I can overhear the conversation of customers which is immensely instructive."

"This all sounds very demure and sensible," the Boys remarked.

"Ah, there were wilder phases too," said Old Q. with a faint flush. "I went to that lunch-room on 47th Street, next door to the Gotham Book Mart, where Jack the Sandwich Man is so marvellously skilful. I hired Jack to be my butler (I've always needed a butler) and took him to Dornan's on Central Park South to be fitted into a plum colored livery. Then I found some overworked booksellers and took them for a sleigh-ride in the Park. On the way back I noticed the electric sign over the General Motors Building, flowing with golden text. Imagine my gratification when I saw it ripple off the words SMOOTH RIDING MAKES EASY READING.—E. G., P. E. G. QUERCUS IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW. . . ."

"Come on," said Medium—"let's get back to work."

The AMEN CORNER

We were pleased last week to see the *Saturday Review* officially recommending *Johnson's England* (it is also recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club), where, to quote the *Philadelphia Public Ledger,* "a total of twenty-eight authors and recognized authorities combine their efforts to realize every significant phase of a highly significant period . . . here are to be found all the vital unimportances of its daily life, selected with skill and scholarship." With the model of *Shakespeare's England,*[1] the editor, Mr. A. S. Turberville, author of *English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century,*[2] has produced, to go on quoting the *Ledger,* "a composite picture of a 'mature and vigorous civilization,' . . . intensely alive in all essential human interests."

One very essential human interest for many of us is described by Dr. R. W. Chapman in the chapter on "Authors and Booksellers." The Oxonian was particularly interested to see there "the course of trade in Johnson's time" outlined from the letter which he wrote in 1776 "offering advice on the better management of the Clarendon Printing House."

Besides Dr. Chapman, who is the author of the *Portrait of a Scholar*[3] and *"Oxford" English,*[4] and editor of the *Novels of Jane Austen*[5], and the *letters of Jane Austen,*[6] the list of contributors include G. M. Trevelyan, G. D. H. Cole, Osbert Sitwell, the Hon. Andrew Shirley (author of *The Mezzotints of David Lucas after Constable*[7]), Mrs. Esdaile (author of *The Life and Works of François Roubiliac*[8]), E. J. Holmyard (author of *Makers of Chemistry,*[9]), Professor D. Nichol Smith (editor of the *Oxford Book of Eighteenth-Century Verse*[10]), J. A. Williamson (whose *Evolution of England*[11] has been called the best one-volume history of England in existence), and many others.

Every phase is there—Manners, Meals, Taste, Sports, Costume, the Theatre, Music, London Life, etc., etc., etc., and all illustrated with the most delightful and unusual collection of pictures we have ever seen in a book on the 18th century.

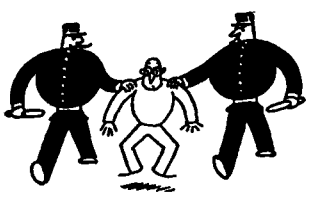
Just read here what the century was really like, and you will agree with Mr. Trevelyan that "Dr. Johnson's English were a sturdy crew!"

THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOK OF THE MONTH: *Johnson's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age.* Edited by A. S. Turberville. 2 vols. $14.00.[12]

(1) 2 vols. $14.00. (2) $4.00. (3) $2.00. (4) 85c. (5) 5 vols. $10.00. (6) 2 vols. $17.00. (7) $15.00. (8) $16.00. (9) $2.50. (10) $3.00. (11) $2.50. (12) Oxford University Press. 114 Fifth Avenue.

JUST OUT!



Literary Guild Selection

L'Affaire Jones

By HILLEL BERNSTEIN

An extraordinary novel—brilliant, hilarious—depicting the plight of a bewildered American, imprisoned by the French as a master spy.

The Talk of Three Countries!

"Most keen and amusing satire," "a comic masterpiece," "a riot," "convulsed me," "'Vive L'Affaire Jones!'" are a few comments from such writers as Don Marquis, Carl Van Doren, Roark Bradford, Joseph Wood Krutch, Elmer Davis, Harold Nicolson, Phyllis Bentley, André Maurois.

Illustrations by SOGLOW

$2.50 - STOKES

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